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"TAKE MY HAND."

BY WHITTIER.

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stairs timidly.
"Oh, mother! take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness never more.

BY UNSEEN HANDS

—OR—

WHAT WAS THE MYSTERY?

BY WYNNE WYNTERS.

CHAPTER III.

GOD'S VENGEANCE WOULD BE TOO SLOW.

THE idea of murder in the abstract has become so familiar to us from its frequent adaptation by the novelist and the columns of newspapers that it is rather difficult for an unimaginative person to realize its full horrors. To do so thoroughly we must picture to ourselves some one very near and dear to us suddenly snatched from our midst and hurried into eternity by such means. If we can do that we may be able to understand in some slight measure the agony of horrified grief succeeded by the desire for vengeance, which Bernard Clanavon felt as he slowly began to realize what had happened. It did more than make itself felt; it crept into his whole being like morphia let into an opened vein, and swept every other thought and impulse before it. The relations between him and his father had been exactly typical of the relations which exist between the majority of English fathers and English sons. There had been little or no sentiment, and outward expressions of affection had been very rare between them. Yet underneath the superficial crust of indifference there had been a strong and reciprocal affection, seldom manifesting itself in any more pronounced manner than by quiet cordiality, but still an existent and healthy feeling, which this hideous tragedy had fanned almost into a passion. And so, naturally enough, when the first shock of the interview was over, and the sight of her son had quieted a little his mother's grief, he withdrew himself from her embrace and asked the question which was burning within him:

"Is there any clue, mother? Do they know who has done—this thing?"

They were alone in Lady Alceston's boudoir, a small octagonal apartment hung with amber satin and furnished with all the soft luxury which perfect taste and unlimited wealth could devise. It was a room sacred to women—even Lord Alceston himself had seldom entered it—and Bernard Clanavon looked curiously out of place standing up erect among the low velvet-covered fauteuils, the delicate knick-knacks and softly-flashing mirrors, with a terribly fierce look upon his white sorrow-stricken face, and his eyes fixed upon his mother's bowed form full of a dry, burning light.

She withdrew her handkerchief from her face, and, looking up at him, shuddered.

"Bernard, don't look like that," she pleaded. "I would rather see you cry."

He turned his face away from her with a slight gesture of impatience, but its expression was unaltered.

"Crying is a woman's office, mother," he said in a low tone. "There is something else for a man to think about here. You have not answered my question."

"Neilson has disappeared," she said, slowly. "There is nothing else."

"Neilson! Neilson!" he repeated, half in wonderment, half in contempt. "Neilson guilty of—oh, that is all nonsense! I would as soon suspect myself."

"Nevertheless, he has disappeared," she repeated. "He was the last person who saw your father alive, and——"

"But it couldn't possibly have been Neilson," he interrupted firmly. "Why, a more simple-minded old fellow never breathed. You can't believe this yourself, mother."

"I—I don't know. It is all so strange and horrible. Why should any one—oh, Bernard, Bernard, ask me no more questions!" she burst out, sobbing violently.

He waited until she was more composed, standing perfectly motionless, his fair, beardless face set and rigid and full of a terrible determination, looking, in the sweet subdued light thrown upon it by the tinted and heavily-shaded fairy lamps, like a piece of exquisite statuary.

"It was not Neilson," he said, quietly, when at last his mother removed the handkerchief from her eyes. "The utter absence of motive alone would make such an idea absurd."

She seemed still struggling with her agitation, but she answered him.

"Bernard," she said, "I cannot discuss this with you. The—the inquest is to-morrow. Wait till then."

Her evident pain seemed to touch him, for he stooped down and kissed her. Then he moved toward the door.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

He paused on the threshold.

"To Mr. Brudnell's office and then to Scotland Yard, to see what is being done."

She turned away from him with a gesture of horror.

"Bernard," she cried, passionately, "it seems to me that grief is second in your thoughts to vengeance!"

He shook his head.

"It's the difference between a man's grief and a woman's, mother, that's all. Yours is passive, racking your body and filling your thoughts and remaining there. Mine is a grief which calls out for action of some sort—for vengeance."

She stood up with her hand stretched out toward him, beautiful still, for all her gray hair and her marble-white countenance—beautiful in her perfect features and the solemn majesty of her attitude and gesture.

"Bernard," she cried, "vengeance belongs to God and not to man! He himself has said it. I command you to desist from the purpose which you have in your heart, which is written in your face."

There was something intensely dramatic in the quickly-spoken words and in her sudden transformation from a weeping, sorrowful woman to a dignified queen of tragedy, with all the fire of command ringing in her passionate words. But she might as well have cried to the walls.

"I am your son, mother, and in anything else I would obey you. But I was his son, too! God's vengeance would be too slow for me," he added, bitterly.

Then he left her, and in a moment she was a broken-hearted woman again, sobbing wildly among the soft cushions of her low chair and talking to herself in broken tones.

"My God, my God," she moaned, "what shall I do—oh, what shall I do?"

CHAPTER IV.

THE INQUEST AT GROSVENOR SQUARE.

An inquest on the body of a peer of the realm is not an every-day occurrence. The coroner, who sat at the head of the long mahogany table, looked a shade graver and more impressed with the solemnity of his office than usual, and the same feeling was reflected in the solid-looking faces of his twelve subordinates as they were marshalled to their seats. Many of them had served on a jury before, but never in connection with such a sensational case, and there was a certain sense of ponderous satisfaction upon their faces as they drew close up to the table, almost as though they felt something akin to pleasure in the notoriety which their office would bring them. But there was genuine sympathy among them, notwithstanding, and more than one cast a pitying glance at Lord Clanavon, who sat a little apart in a high-backed oak chair.

It was a gloomy scene. Apart from the inevitable solemnity of it, the surroundings were in themselves depressing. Outside a thick, yellow fog had settled down upon the squares and streets—a penetrating fog which defied the drawn venetian blinds and heavily-draped curtain, and which hung about in a little mist around the circular glass globes and impregnated the whole atmosphere of the long room, which was at no time one of the most cheerful. It certainly could not have been said that the countenances of the twelve men, or their surroundings, were in any way out of keeping with the dreary nature of their duty. Both were funereal.

The silence was broken at last by the coroner, who in a low tone formally introduced the jury to their duties. Then the first witness, William Rogers, was called, and a tall, liveried footman answered the summons and took up a respectful attitude before the table. The coroner commenced his examination at once.

"Your name is William Rogers?"

"Yes, sir."

"What position do you hold in the household?"

"First footman, sir."

"How long have you been in the service of your deceased master?"

"About three years."

"You were the first person to enter the library and discover your master's body, I believe?"

"I was, sir."

"You had better tell us how it was, and by whose orders you went there."

"Very good, sir. It was about seven o'clock in the morning when I was woke up by a knocking at my door. I sat up in bed at once and called out, 'Who's there?' Her ladyship's maid, Marie Richards, answered me. I can't remember her exact words, but she said as her ladyship had sent her to tell me to go down to the master's study at once and see why he had not come up to bed. I asked her why she did not go to Neilson, which was his lordship's own man, and she replied that she had been, but she couldn't wake him, which, knowing as Neilson, who used to share the same room with me, was a very heavy sleeper, I warn't surprised at. 'All right,' I sung out, 'I'll be down in a moment;' and I hurried into some clothes as fast as I could. When I got outside she was a-waiting on the landing for me quite impatient like, and we went down together. I knocked first at the study door several times, but there was no answer; so I told Marie that his lordship had very likely gone straight to his own room instead of going in to see her ladyship. I left her there and went up to see, but the room was quite empty and the bed had not been slept in. So I came down a little flurried like and told Marie to go and tell her ladyship and ask what we were to do. Her ladyship sent down at once that we were to get in the study somehow at once, even if we had to break open the door. So I sent Marie for Thomas, the under footman, and together we forced the door open."

The man paused for a moment as though to take breath, and when he resumed it was in a low, awed tone. Low though it was, however, it was distinctly heard, for every one was holding his breath and listening in an intense hushed silence.

"The room was quite dark except for just one ray of light which was streaming in from the window, just where the curtains, which had been pulled together, didn't meet quite, and that single gleam of light just fell upon his lordship's face. Gentlemen, you must excuse—one moment, please. It was an awful sight!"

The man's voice was checked by something very much like a sob, and he shuddered. There was a slight murmur of sympathy, during which he mopped his damp forehead with a handkerchief and slowly recovered his composure. Presently he drew himself up to his former attitude and continued:

"I'm much obliged to you, gentlemen, for giving me breathing-time. If any one of you had seen the sight as I saw when that door fell in, you'd understand it making me feel a bit queer. I'll try and tell you what it was like. His lordship seemed to be all slouched down in his writing-chair, but his head was hanging right backward like, over the side a little, and was hanging down almost toward the ground. There was a great gap like between the neck and his chin, and as we stood there we could hear the slow drip, drip of the blood upon the floor; yet somehow it didn't seem as though he was dead, for his eyes were wide, staring open. Marie, she went off into hysterics something awful, and Thomas, he wur trembling so that he couldn't neither move nor nothing else. I felt mortal bad myself, but I went up and touched his hand and found that it was quite cold, and then I saw three scratches and bruises on his cheek like finger-marks. I saw that he was dead at once, but I told Thomas to be off as quick as ever he could and fetch a doctor and a policeman. I stood near the door while he was gone, and then when the sergeant and Dr. Benton they locked up the room. That's all, sir."

He ceased with an evident gesture of relief. He was an unimaginative, phlegmatic man, of the very commonplace type of English men-servants, and without any particular affection for his master; but his share in this tragedy, as yet so recent, had been like a nightmare to him, and the recapitulation of it had agitated him strongly. They gave him a little time to recover himself before they asked him any questions. Then the coroner ceased taking notes and addressed him.

"Did you notice anything disarranged in the study—any signs of a struggle?"

"Yes, sir. There was something of the sort. The curtain hanging over his lordship's private door, which led out into Berkeley Street, was half torn down and a small table with some books on, between his lordship's desk and the door, was upset."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing else that I can remember, sir. The policeman and the gentleman from Scotland Yard they took possession of the room as soon as they arrived, and locked it up."

The usual number of irrelevant and utterly useless questions were asked by certain jurymen of an inquisitive turn of mind, to some of which the coroner listened with ill-concealed impatience. Then the witness was dismissed, and, well trained though his features were, his

relief was manifest.

Marie Richards was called next. Her evidence simply corroborated that of her fellow-servant, and no questions were asked her. Then the Countess of Harrowdean was sent for, and after a little delay appeared.

To those who had known her before, her appearance was a shock. From head to foot she was clothed in the severest black, and a widow's cap concealed her light hair. The features which a week before would have been pronounced delicately moulded were now sharpened like the features of an overworked seamstress, and the ghastly blanched pallor of her complexion showed up with startling vividness the deep black rims under her sunken eyes. She was like a woman prematurely aged, stricken down in a single night, and an involuntary murmur of compassion escaped from the lips of more than one of the little body of men as they stood up to receive her. Her bearing and figure were the sole remnants of her former self. She walked up the room, leaning upon her son's arm (he had left his place and met her at the door), with a calm dignity which her sorrow seemed only to have enhanced, and there was something almost majestic in the manner in which she sank slowly into the easy-chair provided for her and acknowledged slightly the coroner's respectful salutation.

He commenced his examination at once, after thanking her for her attendance and regretting its necessity.

"Can your ladyship tell us anything which happened during the evening of last Tuesday night which will throw any light upon this melancholy event or afford any clue as to its perpetrator?" he asked.

"I am afraid not. I will tell you all that I know," she answered, in a low but perfectly clear tone. "During the evening, while we were receiving our guests, my husband had a note brought to him. I do not know where it was from, or what it was about, but its contents seemed to cause him some uneasiness."

"Pardon me," interrupted the coroner, "but who brought Lord Alceston this letter?"

"Neillson."

The jury exchanged significant glances. The coroner made a note and signed to her ladyship to proceed.

"He told me that an urgent matter—I understood him to say some official business—required his immediate attention, and that he would be compelled to leave me for a while. I went in to my guests, and he to his study. It was past one o'clock, nearly two hours, before he rejoined me. During the remainder of the evening he was in remarkably good spirits, and certainly did not seem to have anything on his mind. When all the people had gone he went back again to his study, promising to come into my room shortly and have some tea. I waited for him for some time, and then, as he did not come, I put on my dressing-gown and dismissed my maid, as she seemed very tired. I must have gone to sleep then over the fire, for when I woke up it was getting daylight. I found that the tea tray had not been touched, and that my husband had evidently not been in. As he was very particular in keeping his promises, I was a little alarmed, and I rang for Marie and told her to go to Neillson's room and tell him to see where his master was. She came back saying she could not wake him. I sent her then to William, the head footman. Soon afterward she returned to say the library door was locked, and I told them to break it open. I heard this done and the commotion, and—and soon afterward they came and told me."

Every one was conscious of a certain sense of relief when she had finished. Her voice had never once trembled, and her dry eyes were bright and tearless. But there was something awfully unnatural in her slow, monotonous tone and in the repressive calmness of her manner. None would have been in the least surprised if she had burst out into a fit of the wildest hysterics at any moment. The coroner himself was nervous, but there were some questions which he felt bound to ask her.

"You saw or heard nothing of your husband's servant, Neillson, during the evening, after he brought that note?"

"Nothing."

"How long had he been in your husband's service?"

"More than twenty years."

"And had the relations between them always been cordial?"

"As far as I know."

"You know of no circumstance likely to have created any resentment on Neillson's part toward your husband?"

"None."

"Was Neillson a saving man? Was he fond of money, do you know?"

"I believe so. Yes, he was."

"I suppose you are not aware whether your husband had any money either on his person or in his desk on the night of his murder?"

Lady Alceston for the first time moved her position a little and lowered her eyes.

The change almost hid her from her son, who had resumed his seat on the opposite side of the room.

"Yes, I believe he had," she answered thoughtfully—"rather a considerable sum. I had reminded him that it was quarter-day, when we always pay some of the household accounts, and he had told me that he had been to the bank and drawn some money. This was during the afternoon."

"About how much would it amount to?"

"Between five and six hundred pounds, I believe."

"Where did Lord Alceston bank?"

"At the London and Westminster."

The coroner made a note. Several of the jury did the same. Then her ladyship was very politely told that she was needed no longer, and on her son's arm she left the room. Out in the hall he turned round, and faced her.

"Mother," he said quietly, "you know that Neillson is no more capable of doing this thing than I am. Why didn't you tell them so?"

"Because they did not ask me for my opinion—only for facts."

A shadow darkened his boyish, handsome face. He caught her hand with a sudden impulsive moment and forced her to look into his eyes. A vague uneasiness had laid hold of him. What did it mean, this unnatural repression, this indefinable something in his mother's manner which seemed to suggest a secret, some knowledge which neither he nor others shared? It was clear to him that the calmness of her manner and speech was forced and unreal. She was putting a great constraint upon herself. Why? Again he asked himself, what did it mean?

"Mother," he said in a low, agitated tone, bending close over her, and glancing first half fearfully around to be sure that none else was lingering about in the hall, "you know something more than you told. Is it not so? Cannot you trust me? I must know."

She did not answer him, although her lips moved. Looking into her face, he saw what was coming, and passed his arm around her waist and held her up firmly. The sudden pallor drew the color even from her lips, and her breath came in short troubled gasps. She had fainted.

CHAPTER V.

WILFUL MURDER AGAINST PHILIP NEILLSON.

THE next witness summoned before the coroner was the doctor, whose evidence was short and to the point. He described the means by which the deceased had met with his death as a complete severance of the jugular vein by one sweeping cut. Only the sharpest of knives and the strongest of arms, he added impressively, could have succeeded in inflicting such a ghastly wound—the most ferocious he had ever seen. The bruises on the cheek he had no hesitation in saying were caused by the convulsive grasp of the murderer while in the act of performing the hideous deed.

The coroner asked him only three questions.

"Could the wound which you have been describing have been self-inflicted?"

"Not really," was the emphatic answer. "Had the wound gone an inch further it would have been a physical impossibility."

"How long did it strike you that deceased had been dead after you were called in?"

"I examined him with a view of being able to answer that question. Scarcely more than two hours, I should think."

"Did you notice anything in the condition or disarrangement of the room which seemed to indicate any struggle between the murderer and the deceased?"

"Nothing. My idea is that the murderer stole quietly up to the back of the deceased's chair, and, leaning over, placed his hand over his mouth, in which case the points of his fingers would just reach the bruised part of his face; and then, drawing his head back with a quick movement, cut his throat."

A little shudder passed round the table at this graphic description, which the witness had been illustrating by gestures and a sweeping cut of his own throat with the edge of his hand. The doctor looked a little surprised. He didn't understand such a feeling. To him the technical details of the affair were far more interesting than its ethical horrors. But then he was a specialist and had no imagination.

The next witness was the last of any consequence. James Armson was called, and the Scotland Yard detective entered the room closely followed by Lord Clanavon. The latter quietly resumed his old seat and turned at once eagerly to the detective, listening to every word he uttered with keen anxiety.

Lord Clanavon, who recognized the fact that upon this man's capabilities would depend chiefly his chances of discovering his father's murderer, was not altogether impressed by his appearance. But he changed his opinion somewhat after listening to the concise and yet guarded manner in which he gave his evidence.

"Will you tell us, Mr. Armson," the coroner asked, "the history of your connection with this case as far as it has gone?"

The detective bowed respectfully, and told the story in a professional manner.

"I was talking to P. C. Chopping at the corner of Belton Street about seven o'clock on the morning in question when a footman turned the corner of Grosvenor Square and came running toward us. He was very incoherent, but we gathered from him that a murder had been committed at his master's house, and that he was anxious for P. C. Chopping to proceed there at once. We all set off together, and he brought us here and into the library. Lord Alceston was lying in the chair exactly as described by a former witness. The doctor and the witness Rogers were the only other occupants of the room. I immediately locked the door, and while the doctor was examining deceased I made an inspection of the room. My first discovery was that there was a secret door opening out into Burton Street, and that it was unlocked. I was also able to trace faint drops of blood between the door and the chair where the deceased man lay, which suggested to me that the murderer made his escape by that door, carrying in his hand the weapon which he had been using. Later on in the morning a milkman brought to Scotland Yard the pocket-handkerchief and knife now in possession of the coroner, which he picked up a few yards down the street."

The detective paused and waited while the articles he mentioned were produced and handed round. The handkerchief was a fine cambric one, but unmarked, and was soaked and clotted with blood. The knife was distinctly a curiosity. The blade was curved slightly in the shape of a scimiter, and was of exquisite steel, sharpened on both sides, and with an edge as keen as a razor's. The handle was curiously shaped and carved, and was evidently of foreign workmanship. Altogether, as a piece of evidence, the milkman's find was a most important one.

The detective had little else to say of importance, and the other witnesses less. Then an adjournment was made to the library. No fresh discovery was made, but it became evident to all how easy the committal of the crime might have been, supposing it to have been accomplished according to the general theory. The lock of the secret door behind the screen opened noiselessly, and the edges of the door were cased in india-rubber. The carpet was thick and soft as velvet, and the distance from the termination of the screen to the chair in which Lord Alceston had been sitting was scarcely more than a dozen yards.

Two further points were cleared up. The first one was with regard to the key of the door behind the screen, which, it was ascertained, had been discovered in the keyhole outside. The second was concerning the bank-notes which, according to Lady Alceston's evidence, the murdered man had in his possession. No trace was found of these, either on the person of the deceased or among his effects. The inference was obvious—they had been taken away by the murderer, and who but Neillson could have known that his master had such a sum in his possession?

The coroner and his jurymen returned to the dining-room and were left to themselves while they considered their verdict. Lord Clanavon, after a few minutes's hesitation, walking up and down the hall with his hands behind him, made his way into the servants' quarters and asked for Burdett.

"Do you remember how long Neillson has been here, and where he came from?" he asked.

"He's been here longer than I can remember, my lord," Burdett answered, promptly. "We've just been reckoning it up; and a nicer, quieter, steadier sort o' chap I never knew. We can't none of us believe that he's had anything to do with this," he added.

"Neither can I," Lord Clanavon answered. "I liked Neillson. Do you know where he was before he came here?"

Burdett shook his head. "It's a strange thing, my lord, but I never heard him mention it. He was a quiet sort of a man about his own affairs—wonderfully close."

"He had pretty good wages, I suppose?"

"He had a hundred and fifty a year, my lord, and Groves, the butler, says that he couldn't have spent the odd fifty. He was a saving man, although he wasn't what you could call mean."

Lord Clanavon returned to his own little apartment on the ground-floor, feeling a little more bewildered than ever. Just as he entered it the dining-room door opened, and he heard the verdict passed from one to another—

"Wilful murder against Philip Neillson."

CHAPTER VI.

MARIE DE FEUGUET.

A REMARKABLY pretty young woman was doing her best to spoil an otherwise charming face by scowling at herself in a mirror. It was a very silly thing for her to do, very silly indeed, for the utter weariness and discontent which her tell-tale features betrayed was quite sufficient to leave its traces, if often indulged in, even upon so pert and young a face as hers. Perhaps the same idea occurred to her, or it might have been that some pleasing thought acted as a charm. At any rate, after five minutes' silent contemplation of herself, she suddenly withdrew from the mirror, sank into an easy-chair, and sat looking into vacancy, with a soft smile parting her lips and transfiguring her expression.

Presently a smooth-coated, brown dachshund rose slowly from the hearth-rug, lazily reared its two front paws upon her lap, and, wagging its tail in an insinuating manner, fixed a meditative gaze upon his young mistress. She commenced to caress him, mechanically at first, but the encouragement was sufficient. He leaped up with all the agility which his short limbs would permit and coiled himself in her lap.

She looked down at him reproachfully, and as though inclined to protest against such a liberty. But the soft brown eyes watching hers so anxiously disarmed her, and she changed her mind. She took him into her confidence instead. After all, better a dog to talk to than nobody.

"Tory," she said, shaking a forefinger at him, "that was very rude—very bad manners indeed. Don't you know that you ought to have been specially invited to come up in my lap before you took such a liberty? No; you needn't go," she added, patting his head softly. "Now you are here you may as well stay—for a little time, at least. Oh, Tory! Tory! How I wish you were a human being—even if you were only a girl—so that I might talk to you sensibly now and then. It would not be quite so triste then—and it is very triste indeed here sometimes, isn't it, Tory, all by myself with no one to talk to? Or, I wish—I wish—he would come again. Wasn't he handsome, Tory, and didn't he bear it bravely? Poor, poor fellow! I did so want to tell him how sorry I was for him, and I couldn't. Directly I wanted to speak it all went out of my head. How stupid he must have thought me, Tory! Do you think he did, sir? Why don't you say something? I wonder—I wonder what he was thinking about when I looked up and saw him watching me, before he had remembered about—that! I believe it was something nice—I do really, Tory. I wonder how I looked that morning Let me see. I had my blue frock on—the one madame had made for me in Paris." She went off into a day-dream. Tory, evidently deeply relieved at the cessation of her monologue, curled himself up with a satisfied snort and went off to sleep. Poor beast! He ventured to add to the luxury of what he doubtless considered well-earned repose by a few gentle snores, and he paid the penalty. One of them happened to reach his mistress' ears, and distracted her attention from the sweet little day-dream. The result was lamentable. In less than a moment poor Tory lay on his back on the hearth-rug, with his paws convulsively striking the air, and with a confused sense of having reached the ground with a haste quite out of keeping with his usual slow movements.

"Nasty, unsympathetic brute!" exclaimed his mistress, shaking her skirts.

Tory felt hurt, and determined to main-

tain his dignity. He turned his back upon his mistress in an offended manner, and, trotting slowly off to the other side of the room, ensconced him an unoccupied cushion.

Meanwhile Tory's mistress had gone back to her day-dream, and she was absorbed in it. Perhaps she was a very sentimental young woman to allow her thoughts to become so much engrossed by a few minutes' chance interview with a complete stranger. And yet there were excuses for her. She was only eighteen years old, and had just quitted a French convent, within whose narrow precincts the whole of her life had been spent. There had been no holiday for her, no visits to friends' houses, no gayety of any sort. The rules of the convent had not been strict enough to prohibit unrestrained conversation among the girls, and on the other hand were too strict to allow them to become acquainted with a single person outside its bounds. It was an ill training for a young girl, and now that comparative emancipation had come, no wonder that she looked back upon it almost with a shudder.

Even the sweetest of day-dreams is liable to interruptions. The interruption to hers came in the shape of a surprise. The door opened and her father entered suddenly.

She looked up at him in amazement.

"Mon pere! You up and dressed! How wrong of you that is! You will be ill again! I am sure you will."

He stood just inside the door, leaning heavily upon the back of a chair. His face was ghastly white, and drawn as though with illness; there were dark rims under his hollow, brilliant eyes, and his unshaven beard and ragged, unkempt hair added to the wildness of his appearance. When he spoke his breath came in short, quick gasps, and the long, bony fingers which rested on the chair-back were shaking nervously.

"I—I have been ill," he muttered dreamily. "I——"

"Ill! Of course you have! Can one not see that? Why have you risen, mon pere? What would the doctor say?" she exclaimed, wringing her hands in a gesture of despair. Then she ran to his side, forced him into a chair, and closed the door before she would let him speak.

"What day is this?" he asked.

"Friday."

"Friday?" He put his hand to his forehead, and seemed trying to recall something. "Friday? There was a young man came here," he said doubtfully, "when——"

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a faint blush. "That was on Tuesday. You have been ill since then, you know."

He groaned heavily.

"I began to think—that it might have been a dream," he muttered despairingly; "a vision of hell! A paper, Marie; quick! A paper!" he cried out wildly. "Give it me."

"A paper?" she repeated wonderingly.

"Ay, ay! You know! The paper he saw! The murder, you know! I want to read about it! Quick, girl!"

He stretched out his trembling fingers and snatched it from her. She had found the place, but he turned it hastily over, and after a little feverish search commenced reading in another part. She stood by his side, frightened, with the tears in her eyes. What could there be there to affect him like this? She could see his whole frame quivering with excitement and the perspiration standing out like drops of agony upon his hard, damp forehead. Then his head fell buried in his arms, and his frail body, wasted with recent illness, was shaken by great sobs.

"No dream!" he gasped. "No dream! God help me!"

She fell on her knees by his side, caught hold of his hands, kissed his forehead, wrapped her arms around him—tried all the arts of sympathy which her woman's heart could devise—but in vain. Nothing that she could say or do seemed to have any effect upon him. Only when she strove gently to disengage the paper from his frenzied grasp he resisted her fiercely, and with his long, nervous fingers tore it into strips. Finally, she did what perhaps was wisest—she left him altogether to himself, and seated herself a little distance away.

It was well that she had patience. She sat there motionless, after the first passion of sobs had exhausted itself, for nearly an hour. Then he looked up at her, and she shuddered as she looked into his white, agony-stricken face.

"Mon pere, something terrible has happened!" she faltered.

"Ay, something terrible has happened," he repeated, in a hollow, far-away tone.

He was silent for fully five minutes. Then he rose slowly to his feet. "I must go out."

"Go out?" she almost screamed. "Why, father, what can you be thinking of? Didn't the doctor say, only yesterday, that you were not to move from your bed for a week?"

"I must go out to-day—at once—though I die to-morrow," he said, wearily but firmly. "Get me my coat and hat, Marie, and send for a cab; my legs are weak; I can't walk."

She strove again to turn him from his purpose. He only shook his head impatiently.

"At least tell me what this terrible thing is which has happened," she begged, her woman's curiosity mingled with her dread. "If it is terrible for you, is it not terrible for me, too? Am I not your daughter?"

"You will know—perhaps," he answered. "Not now. I have no breath to spare. I shall need all—I have—presently. Is the cab—at the door?"

"I have sent for it—it will be here directly. Oh, mon pere, let me go with you," she begged. "You are not fit to go out anywhere alone."

"Go with me—you!" He shuddered as though the idea hurt him. Then the sound of the cab stopping below reached his ears.

"Give me your arm downstairs," he said. "I am a little dizzy."

He needed it. At every fourth step he had to stop and rest, and his breathing at times almost choked him. When at last he reached the cab he sank into a corner and for a minute or two was too exhausted to give the driver any directions. Marie had gone with him bareheaded into the street, and stood holding his hand. But when he recovered himself he motioned her away into the house with an impatient gesture.

"You mustn't stand there, Marie, with no hat on. I shall be all right. Run into the—house—please."

She left him with swimming eyes and uneasy heart. The cabman, who was getting impatient, put his head in at the window.

"Where to, sir?" he asked.

M. de Feurget consulted a fragment of the newspaper which he had retained in his hand.

"The Rising Sun, Brown Street, Bethnal Green Road. Drive fast!"

CHAPTER VII.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE DEAD.

ALMOST at the same time as the jury were sitting in Grosvenor Square upon the body of the Earl of Harrowdean an inquest of a very different character was being held in another part of London. The scene was the Rising Sun, Brown Street, Bethnal Green Road, and the subject of the inquest the body of an unknown woman found murdered in her room on the same night as the terrible West End murder.

The mysterious murder of a peer of the realm, a great diplomatist, and one of the most distinguished men of the day, is a far more sensational episode than the murder of an unknown woman in a slum. But local interest in the less notorious murder was very strong indeed. The victim was almost a stranger in the district, but upon those with whom she had spoken or come in contact she had made an impression. She was not one of them, and they knew it. She had shared none of their vices, nor had their habits been hers. There were many stories floating about, and some very mysterious whispers, but they were all agreed upon one point. She was not one of them.

The jurymen, one by one, picking their way through the filthy streets and elbowing a passage for themselves among the crowd of ruffianly-looking men and brazen-faced, unsexed-looking women who who swarmed about the door of the Rising Sun, heard something of these rumors and felt their curiosity quickened. They were watched with envious eyes as they passed through the swing-doors and were admitted into the public-house. Perhaps they felt something of the same sense of added self-importance in having been selected for this dreary task as their fellow-jurymen in the West End had felt when respectfully ushered to their places by a little body of bowing black-liveried servants. If so, they showed little of it in their faces, which, to do them justice, were stolid enough. One by one they passed in and made their way to the sanded parlor, stained with and odorous of beer and smoke. Most of them were minor tradesmen in the neighborhood, and when they were all assembled in a group they looked as hard, and unsympathetic, and wooden-headed a body of men as could easily have been got together.

The coroner arrived in a hansom, with a bland apology for unpunctuality, which was received by a sullen silence. He sank into the chair at the head of the table, made a great show of pausing to recover his breath, and proposed that the proceedings should be commenced by an inspection of the body, which, he added, had not yet been identified.

The proposition was acted upon at once. Preceded by the sergeant in charge of the case; the little body of men filed up a creaking wooden staircase into an upper room, light and clean, but barely furnished. There in the middle of the chamber was a plain wooden bedstead, and upon it, underneath the smoothly-drawn counterpane, was the outline of a human figure. With a touch that was almost gentle the coroner withdrew the covering and disclosed the face of the dead woman.

The course, rough body of men who thronged around felt something akin to awe pierce even their toughened sensibilities. They looked over one another's shoulders into the calm, peaceful face of a beautiful woman instead of, as most of them had expected, into a vice-stained hideous countenance.

The mass of golden hair which lay coiled about her pillow was tinged with gray, and there were lines upon her forehead; but these were small drawbacks. There was something, too, about the small shapely head, with its firm mouth and well-cut features, which was essentially thorough bred.

"It's a lady, or I never see'd one," whispered a juryman.

There was a murmur of assent. A new interest in the case had been awakened among them. Instead of taking a hasty glance at the corpse and hurrying away to finish the business up, they lingered round the bedside, as though loath to depart. One of them lifted up her arm with clumsy reverence and silently pointed out to the others the plain gold wedding-ring on her delicate white finger. When at last they turned away they talked to one another in whispers, and the coroner looked thoughtful.

"Have any attempts at identification been made?" he asked the sergeant who was in charge of the case.

"Several, sir, but all unsuccessful. Every one who came turned away at once after a single glance at her. Beg pardon, sir, one moment."

The coroner obeyed his beckoning finger and stepped on one side. The sergeant drew a small parcel from his pocket, and dropped his voice to a mysterious pitch.

"Mrs. Preece, sir—that's the woman who was called in to see to her—found this 'ere tightly locked on the top of her arm, above the elbow. It's a curious spring, you see, sir, and it took her a long time to take it off, it was so stiff. Seems a queer place, like, for a bracelet, don't it, sir?"

The coroner took it to the light and examined it. It was simply a plain gold bangle, without initials or any mark. The fastening, as the sergeant had remarked, was very stiff, as though it had not been often used. The coroner was not a romantic man—far from it—but he held the bracelet reverently, and indulged for a few moments in silent thought. It was a love token, that was very evident, and she had worn it though sorrow and distress and poverty, perhaps degradation; she had worn it still heedless of the fact that it would have brought her gold, would have brought her food and drink and comfort, at any rate, for a time, had she chosen to part with it. Doubtless it was the one solitary link which bound her to the past.

"You did quite right, sergeant," he said, in a businesslike tone. "There is no object in keeping the discovery secret, though. It may aid toward identification."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THEIR STYLES.—A traveler in Switzerland who goes in for mountaineering writes—"We arrived at the village of Loeche-les-Bains, and were eagerly welcomed by the villagers. It was there that one of my guides described to me the behavior of different nationalities when they get to the top of a peak. 'A German,' said he, 'as soon as he arrives at the top, wants to know the exact height of the mountain he is on and of every peak around him. A Frenchman goes into raptures over the wildness of the scenery and the beauties of nature and sometimes accompanies his remarks by an attempt to embrace his guide. The Englishman, when he has "done" his peak, plunges his ice-axe into the snow, looks around him, and then says, "I say, open the sacks and let's have some grub!"'"

Bric-a-Brac.

EDIBLE DOGS.—The edible dogs of China are known by their bluish-black tongues. They never bark, and are very taciturn. Four million and a half are slaughtered annually to titillate the palates of the Celestials.

AMUSEMENT IN SIAM.—Chess is one of the amusements in Siam. Cock-fighting, kite-flying, boat-racing, and pugilistic contests are other recreations, which, like the Chinese, they love; but they are not so industrious as the latter.

PIGEONS.—There is a species of humming bird in Carrucca, East India, that is about twice the size of a pigeon. It is very vicious, and the natives say it subsists almost entirely upon a hard shelled nut, which it breaks open with a blow of its wings, all the while humming loudly.

GENTLE AND DOCILE.—There is a mistaken impression in regard to the nature of the bloodhound. Most people imagine this kind of dog to be very ferocious, when, on the contrary, it is as docile as almost any other breed known. The writer has raised a great many of the finest strains of bloodhounds, and has found them as domestic and gentle as a dog should be.

THE PARRICIDE'S PUNISHMENT.—In Ashantee parricides are tied hand and foot to stakes driven in the ground near a large ant-hill. The ants are then irritated by sticks thrust into the entrance of their dwellings, a guard is set at a respectful distance to prevent rescue, and the prisoner is left to be eaten alive. In forty-eight hours nothing is left of the criminal but a neatly-cleaned skeleton.

A PHYSICIAN'S FEE.—South Africa responds to modern innovations. A recent traveler in Kaffirland tells this incident. As we were up-saddling, he says, there passed us a man driving a small flock of goats and several head of cattle. This was the husband of a lady-physician who is ruining the practice of the local witch doctors, and he was taking home his wife's fee for attending a patient.

A SURE PREVENTIVE.—Practical advice occasionally masquerades as a jest. A Spanish philosopher was asked if he knew of a means whereby a person could avoid growing old. "Most certainly," said he; "I know of certain rules which will surely prevent your growing old. Keep in the sun in summer and in the wet in winter; that is one rule. Never give yourself rest; that is another. Fret at everything that happens; that is another. And then if you take care always to eat meat cold and drink plenty of cold water when you are hot, you may be perfectly sure that you will never grow old."

LIFE IN BURMAH.—Destitution is almost unknown in Burmah, the wants of life in the temperate climate of that country being more easily satisfied than in the colder countries of Northern Europe. A young Burmese couple can start life with a knife and a cooking-pot. The universal bamboo supplies materials for building the house, lighting the fire, carrying the water from the well, and may even help to compose the dinner itself. The wife is usually prepared to take a share in supporting the household, and thus she gradually acquires a position of independence not always enjoyed by married women elsewhere.

THE HORSE.—The average weight of a horse is 1,000 pounds; his strength is equivalent to that of five men. In a horse mill moving at three feet per second, track twenty-five feet diameter, he exerts with the machine the power of four and a half horses. The greatest amount a horse can pull in a horizontal line is 900 pounds, but he can only do this momentarily; in continued exertion probably half of this is the limit. He attains his growth in five years, will live twenty-five, average sixteen years. A horse will live twenty five days on water without solid food, but only five days on solid food without drinking.

CHILDREN'S EYESIGHT.—Mr. Aitchison, a London oculist optician, who has been ventilating his views on the subject, states that short sight and other kindred defects are not the most dangerous eye affections from which children suffer. In some letters published recently, he draws attention to the defect called Hypermetropia. The peculiarity of this is that it may not be apparent, i. e., a child may suffer from it and yet be able to see well to all appearances, because a child has great muscular power over the eye and is able to force the ciliary muscles to such an extent that, whilst looking at a definite object, the eye practically assumes its normal state. A remedy is, however, he says, to be found in properly adapted spectacles after the eyes have been carefully examined by an expert, who can detect the defect before the child is put to a regular course of study.

EDITING a newspaper in Japan is evidently rather a difficult matter. One native journal recently appeared with a large blank space, for which the editor apologized by stating that at the last moment he found that what he had written for that space was entirely wrong, and must be left out. Accordingly he had no time to obtain matter to fill the vacant columns.

THE FUTURE, TOO, IS BRIGHT.

BY K. A. V.

Oh, tell me not of bygone hours,
  Of days no more I'll see—
Which, though they never can return,
  Are dearer far to me
Than future years that hope will tint
  With e'en delusive light,
Though dearly do I love the past,
  The future, too, is bright.

My heart leaps forth to meet the years,
  The years that are to come;
And they will bring full many a joy
  To this, my happy home.
Those bygones hours can ne'er return—
  To wish them, is it right?
No; though the olden days were glad,
  The future, too, is bright.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARJORY DAW," "HIS WEDDED WIFE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE year rolled on; autumn came and went, and winter reigned in its stead—a grim terrible winter, so harsh, so bitter, so desolate as to banish even the remembrance of those glorious golden hours which summer had given out with such an unusually lavish hand. With the earth ice-bound, the trees reduced to brown skeletons, the soft warm breeze turned into a biting east wind, the radiant sun banished, and the blue sky changed into a dull gray, it was hard indeed to conjure up even a memory of that beautiful summer. It was a hard trying time to the rich and to those who could find means to defy the cold; but what despair, what desolation of heart and body fell upon the poor during the weeks of black frost that lingered long after Christmas had come and gone.

There was suffering everywhere; but in some places the misery of the poor was mitigated to a certain extent, not only by the charm of personal sympathy and heart-felt interest. One of these fortunate places was the little kingdom of villagers and small tenants who had their homes and lives about the gates and grounds of Wyefeild.

Immediately the news of the trouble consequent on the severity of the wintry weather reached the Earl and Countess of Hampshire, they at once determined to turn their backs upon the fascination of the South, with its mellow sunbeams and myriad flowers, and to travel without delay to England and to do duties which belonged to them as master and mistress of a large domain.

There was at first some hesitation on the part of the Earl. His wife was much stronger since they had sojourned in the warmth of the small Southern village that had been a very paradise of peace and happiness to them, but she was still very fragile. Her illness in the summer, following on her father's death, had left her very weak—the mental suffering had joined with her physical illness to make her weak, to silence almost the music of her voice and the beating of her heart altogether—but little by little she had recovered.

She had been nursed back to life and to love, she had been watched with all the tender care, the ceaseless anxiety of a mother, she had had the untiring love of a woman allied to a man's strength; she found indeed in her husband a devotion, a tenderness such as maybe she alone out of all the world could appreciate at its true worth, for she had given it herself to the father who was dead and lost to her for ever.

When Mrs. Winter wrote telling them of the suffering and desolation brought by the winter upon the hapless poor of town and country, Jane raised her eyes to her husband, a mist of tears dimming their beauty.

"We must go back at once—at once!" she said hurriedly, her lips quivering. "We must not stay here and forget our duty, George; we must go home to Wyefeild!"

Her husband took her in his arms and kissed her sweet lips.

"I cannot take you, my darling," he said; "you are not strong enough for such a winter. We will write; everything shall be done——"

Jane interrupted him gently.

"No—let us go! I am quite well—I get better every day—I shall not be ill. I should like to go home, George. I want to be busy—I want to help. They belong to us. Now we must think of our duties and forget ourselves."

"We are so happy here alone—just we two alone!" he said, with an involuntary sigh.

Jane drew herself from his arms, blushing, as she did so frequently now.

"We shall be happy always, please Heaven!" she whispered. Then she made him go at once and write a telegram to the housekeeper at Wyefeild announcing their immediate return, while she scribbled a few hurried words to Mrs. Winters to the same effect. Afterwards she went out into the sunshine and sat down beside Peter and Lord John, whispering in their ears the news that they were going back to England, and that they must wake up out of their sleepy moods just as quickly as possible.

"Lord John is getting so fat!' she said, turning her lovely face towards her husband when he joined her. "I shall have to resort to some very drastic treatment if this sort of thing goes on."

"Suppose we buy a monkey? That will keep his lordship awake!"

Jane laughed softly.

"How quickly he understands! Look, George—did you ever see such a reproachful expression? Poor Lord John, how he did hate Mimi! She rose to her full slender height. She had grown a little during her illness; now, in her long, straight black gown, she looked tall and most graceful. She slipped her hand within her husband's arm. "I always have a most affectionate remembrance of Mimi," she said, as they walked slowly to and fro in the shade.

"I have more than that," Hampshire added quickly. "Why, it was through Mimi I first met you!"

"And what a funny meeting it was!" said Jane, laughing. "Oh, I was in such a state of mind! And, do you know, George, you looked so stern you almost frightened me! If I had not really been anxious about Mimi, I should never have dared to speak to you at all!"

He stooped to press a light kiss upon her hair.

"And to think you are now my tyrant!" he said caressingly.

"Oh!" Jane had to stop and remonstrate at this, and then she nestled close to him again. "You don't know what a romance I began to weave about you, George, especially when I knew who you were—or rather that you belonged to dear old Ann—and were going so far away to the other side of the world. I was so sorry for you—you seemed to me to be so unhappy; and, though you were a stranger to me, I wanted to do something for you. It—it was very presumptuous of me—wasn't it George?"

He pressed her hand a little closely to his side.

"You are an angel!" he said unsteadily.

"I shall begin to believe it if you say it so often," she rejoined laughingly; then very gently she turned the conversation on other things.

It was not the first time they had very nearly approached the subject of the past; but Jane had swiftly grasped the fact that to speak of those by-gone days, of that old trouble, to question him about it, to have it all explained, would be to give him another and a new trouble now. She felt so certain that some day, perhaps before very long, he would open out that story of the past and let her know all that she was content to wait—doubly content when she looked into his handsome face and read the truth of his heart so clearly in his eyes. Whatever sorrow there had been in his past, there was nothing but happiness now; and his happiness meant Jane's very life.

With Hampshire there came at frequent moments a longing to tell his wife all that belonged to that past chapter of his life. He felt that she understood there was a story to be told, and he honored her beyond measure for the delicacy, the sympathy that made her silent. He remained silent too, only because he did not want to bring even the faintest shadow into the sunshine of their love.

He desired to keep nothing from her, he wanted his life to be clear to her as hers was to him, and it hurt him to feel that there should be the pretence of a secret in his mind or a single thought she did not share. It was his love for her, his tender anxiety that urged him to keep silent, at least for a little while, till she had grown to know him, to trust him, to understand him even better than she did now.

If he told his story ever so gently, there must be some pain to her in hearing it; the very mention of Cynthia's name was enough to drive the smiles from Jane's lips—it recalled so vividly the hours and days and months of that long sad year which had ended at last in the separation of death. When time had brought more healing balm on its wings, when the sharpness of her grief had worn away, when the child that she was had given place to the woman and she had had further knowledge and proof of his love, then he would speak, she should know all; and he did not fear the effect of his confidence and his profession.

They found England a bitter contrast to their Italian paradise; but there was a warmth in Jane's heart too intense to be chilled by the harshest of winters. She declared almost gaily that she enjoyed the cold, and her delight and eagerness at the thought of going to their home was so great that her husband was fain to be content too. They passed through London en route for Wyefeild, and found time to pay a hurried visit to Lady Montrose, with whom Jane had kept up a steady correspondence.

Cynthia's aunt gave them a warm welcome, and immediately proposed that she should stay with them at Wyefeild for a week.

"I shall enjoy being with you so much," she cried, with honest affection; "it will be a real charity to take me in for a few days! Hampshire, how well you are looking! The cares of married life seem to agree with you! And with you too, Jane! You are far stronger and better than I expected. Now do be careful in this hateful weather! I am frozen! I am several degrees thinner since the frost came! Look at me—I am almost a skeleton! And I am all alone! Imagine—Lucy is in Scotland—in Scotland at such a time! Cynthia was in town last week—so I heard; but she is off again, and her mother with her. I did not see them however; Lady Ludlowe does not honor me with much of her society nowadays."

Lady Montrose darted an expressive and significant glance at Hampshire as she said this. He frowned involuntarily, and was conscious of a sharp feeling of annoyance. The sensation passed away quickly however, for Lady Montrose was too shrewd to pursue so uncongenial a subject. She was soon off to another tack, and they parted in a cheery fashion.

"I shall be with you in a week at the latest!" she cried finally, as she went to the door to see them depart.

* * * * * *

Lady Montrose kept her word. In another week's time she presented herself at Wyefeild, with her great boxes and her faithful maid. She was enchanted with everything, but most of all with Jane. The warm welcome she received was as sweet as it was natural and charming. Lady Montrose was full of self-congratulation for having worked so hard and so well to bring about this marriage.

"It is a pure love-dream," she said to herself. "How happy they are! It does one good to see them! I fancy, if Cynthia could just take a peep at them now, she would find out pretty speedily the real motive of Hampshire's marriage. But there—Cynthia is much better out of their life; she is so bitter and cynical, she would not understand what is so beautiful to them, and she might possibly spoil it."

Lady Montrose found herself soon plunged into the business of the moment. Jane had commenced her duty on the very first day of her arrival at Wyefeild. She set herself to organize a system of relief and comfort for the people who called her husband master; and she did this not without many sad regretful thoughts for the poor who lived about the gates of the old home of her girlhood, and who would be suffering much want and misery this cruel winter, with her father's generous hand still for evermore, and the house that had been the source of such real charity closed to the voice of want.

It was only when the thought of her old pensioners and friends came to her, the servants she had known all her life, the laborers and gardeners on the estate, the village children, that Jane was conscious of a regret that she was shut out and denied some share in the wealth her father had left. For herself she wanted nothing. She had gleaned a few things she treasured and hallowed from the house when she had left it finally; they were trifles dear to her beyond all description—Lady Ludlowe could not possibly grudge her these—for the rest, the happiness and the sorrow that had come to her at Carno Court lay buried in her father's grave. If she had any feeling at all where Cynthia was concerned, it was an earnest—indeed an eager—wish that they might never meet.

Hampshire shared Jane's wish respecting Lady Ludlowe. Not only from her point of view, but from his own, any intercourse between Cynthia and themselves must always be a difficult matter. He was therefore relieved beyond measure that Lady Ludlowe showed so plainly by her continued silence that she desired equally with himself to remain apart from their life. He thought of her always with pity he could not but pity one who was the slave to such a selfish nature; but even his pity was checked at times when evidence was given in so many different ways of the coldness, the harshness, and the cruelty of this woman who once had so nearly become his wife. The contrast between Cynthia and Jane was made more palpable to him every day of his married life. His love for the girl he had made his wife could not increase, for it was the noblest, the purest love a man could give to a woman; but his admiration for her and his gratitude for the inestimable treasure he had won rose higher and higher in his heart and in his eyes transformed the whole world. It was now that they were back in England, starting the real story of their lives together, that Jane's full beauty and worth were made clear to him. She was indeed an ideal wife; she was his companion, his friend, his love; she took her high place quietly, unostentatiously, yet with dignity. She had not been a month at Wyefeild before she had made herself known to all her husband's tenantry and personally endeared herself to the many who lived under his rule. She mixed with them freely, encouraging their hopes, entering into their enjoyments, sharing their sorrows. Her own grief was so great and so fresh, despite all the tender joy that her new life had brought forth, that her heart was full of sympathy for those who, like herself, had passed through the gray shadows of a death separation. She had been very brave, and had struggled successfully from the first to keep her grief from her husband's sight; but there were moments when it rose vividly before her, and when the love of her childhood was awakened in her heart with all its old devotion and intensity. She never spoke of these moments, and only the man who loved her so well knew exactly when they came. He left her alone at such times; and Jane was grateful to him. Such trouble as hers was best fought against single-handed.

Lady Montrose thoroughly enjoyed herself at Wyefeild, and her visit was extended from one week to many. She had every reason to congratulate herself on the efforts she had made to bring about Jane's happiness. Clever woman that she was, she never, in any conversation with her host, alluded to that morning under the trees at Carno, and she was equally careful to keep all mention of her niece's name out of her conversation. To her intense relief and delight, Jane was full of sympathy and interest where her ladyship's daughter was concerned, and the future at once assumed a roseate hue. Jane was a little amused and also a little shocked at the eagerness with which Lady Montrose discussed her Lucy's chances of making a good marriage. The world and its curious ways were almost unknown to Jane. She sometimes felt that she did not desire to know more on this subject. The little knowledge she had gathered was in connection with Cynthia, and her stepmother's world had no attraction for her. The girl was too gentle by nature to judge any one harshly, and she had long before sifted the good from the bad in Lady Montrose's character. Therefore, though she could not honestly sympathize with her guest's mercenary desires, she could and did find pleasure in promising to do all in her power to give friendship, and possibly affection, to this daughter whom as yet she had not met.

Her husband was undisguisedly amused by Lady Montrose's franky-concocted schemes for the future. At first he had shrunk from encouraging any great intimacy between Cynthia's aunt and his little wife, but he quickly saw that Jane would never sustain any harm from this intercourse. The world, with its hypocrisy and selfishness, its cynicism, its disillusionment, had no charms for her. She might be placed in the very heart of the demoralising struggle, yet she would pass through it unhurt, and stand apart, shielded by the armor of her purity. Naturally Lady Montrose did not pretend to understand the full character of this girl, but she could not fail to admire it as something strangely beautiful; and she gave Jane the most sincere affection.

"I have never been so happy anywhere in all my life as I have been here!" she cried on the day of her departure. "Keep my room empty, Jane, for I shall come back to you as soon as possible!"

Jane laughed and made this promise most readily.

"I am sorry you are going," she said, in her pretty girlish fashion.

"It is so like Montrose to have the gout just at this particular moment," Lady Montrose replied; "but I must have gone in any case. Helen is not well again and wants to see me. You will send your love to Helen Denistoun, I know, Jane; but the less you have to do with Cynthia the better. She is no friend of yours, my dear, and that is the truth!"

Jane's face clouded, as it always did at mention of his father's widow, but she said nothing; and Lady Montrose did not pursue the subject.

Jane and Lord Hampshire stood on the steps to wave their hands in farewell to their parting guest. As the carriage rolled out of sight, Jane put her hand upon her husband's arm and gave a little sigh of content, which he understood and treasured. She was fond of Lady Montrose, but she was happiest when alone with him.

A week of tender pleasure passed, and then Hampshire, reading her thoughts almost before they became clear and defined to her, saw the yearning wish that had framed itself in her heart.

"Love," he said to her one evening, as they stood in the dusk of the hall before the fire—"love, we will go; to-morrow, if you wish it."

Jane turned to him with a startled air.

"How—how did you know?" she asked very hurriedly. "I have never spoken. I——"

"Must only your lip speak to me?" he answered, with a faint smile, drawing her into his arms, Peter and Lord John regarding him meanwhile most jealously. "I have known what was in your heart this long time past. It is so natural, my dear one! You have been most sweet, most unselfish. I should have spoken sooner, but I wanted you to get quite strong before you went. I know it will try you."

"No—it will rest me, George. I shall be more content when I have seen his grave. I shall feel he is at peace."

They were silent for many moments, and then he said gently—

"I think, my little one, that I will let you go this first journey without me. Another time we will go together; but this time ——" He ended his speeches by pressing a kiss upon her brow; and Jane clung to him, her eyes filled with tears at his tenderness, his most sweet and unselfish love.

They stood for a long while in the twilight talking in soft whispers; and, when at last their solitude was invaded by the advent of servants and lights, it was settled that on the morrow Jane was to go alone, except for her maid, to Carno churchyard, where her father had been laid to rest.

If only the future could have been revealed to them at that moment, how quickly would they both have drawn back from the very thought of this pilgrimage, which, undertaken in a spirit of love, was to find a conclusion in the destruction of all that now made their lives so sweet and dear to them!

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE morrow came, dull, gray, and cold. Jane was driven early to the station with her maid. Her husband watched her go with secret reluctance, for he feared the cold and the nervous tension of this day would try her terribly; but he made no effort to stop her, feeling that, until she had paid this visit to her father's grave, her mind would never be quite at rest. Jane waved her hand to him until the bend of the drive was reached and they could no longer see each other. Her heart was full of gratitude for the love now lavished upon her. It seemed to her as though she would never know the full extent of her husband's sympathy and of his eager desire to give her happiness and pleasure. As she stood on the platform waiting for her train, she recalled with a smile and a mist of tears that by-gone day when she had met him there, and he had crept so surely into her heart. She had thought him good then; but now——

"Ann was right when she said there was not another man in the world like Master George," she said to herself.

Jane was conscious of a curious feeling of hesitation when she was about to step into the train—a desire to draw back and renounce this visit to the dead. It was not a disloyal thought to the one who was gone from her, but it was the birth of a more intense feeling for the man who lost no chance of proving how truly he loved her; it was the woman within her that spoke now—the sense of loss in this first separation from her husband which awakened these new emotions in her heart. It was only a short separation, an absence of a few hours, yet Jane had an almost uncontrollable longing to turn back and retrace her steps to Wyefeild and to him.

She did not yield to this longing—and indeed she conquered it in a few moments—yet it left its effect in a feeling of excitement which was not quite comprehensible to her. Her husband was so vividly in her thoughts all through that journey that it was as though he had been with her actually, ministering comfort to her at every turn.

Jane spent some time beside her father's grave. She scattered upon it the violets she had gathered; and she was conscious of a sweet satisfaction as she sat there in the chill March air. There was no longer that poignant anguish in her heart. The hush of the churchyard seemed to carry a note of rest, of absolute peace; it consoled her in a vague indescribable way. When she left at last, she bent down and kissed the white marble cross gently. Tears were in her eyes, but the greatness of her grief was gone from her heart. She had sent her maid to the village inn, to rejoin her later at the little station. She had many visits to pay to the lodge-keepers, to the old sexton, to one or two of the cottages near by, and finally to Meadows, who reigned alone up at the great house.

Jane left this visit to the last. She was cheered and touched by the delight that all evinced at seeing her again. She had come laden with remembrances for most of these old friends, and she went away with many a blush at the outspoken admiration of her beauty. She had indeed grown very lovely; her black dress and hat enhanced the clear pallor of her skin. She seemed to these simple people like some wonderful princess, with her beautiful eyes and smiling lips and soft rich voice. As she walked to Carno Court by the side-path, the memory of that summer night came back to her—that night when she had found George standing under the trees in the dusk, and the first thrill of love had vibrated in her heart.

It was a bleak chill day; the wind blew in sharp gusts; yet Jane did not feel the cold. She was absorbed in the new indescribable passion of deep tenderness and love that absence from her husband had suddenly revealed to her. She had a momentary pang at her heart, and a mist came over her eyes as she stepped at last on to the lawn and stood in front of the house which had been her home for so many years.

The windows were all veiled; in several the shutters were closed; and there was a mournful deserted air over the whole place. Jane was grieved at this desolation; but she shrank from it too. It was as though she had come suddenly upon a dead thing left neglected and forgotten.

In contrast to this, a vision of her home rose swiftly before her. The sense of life everywhere, the blazing fires, the dogs running about, the comfort, the warmth, the joy that belonged to it all came to her so clearly. She knew now where the potency of its charm lay. It was not the house or the animals and servants; it was the presence of her love, of happiness, of sympathy, all concentrated in that strong handsome man with the tender voice and never-failing thoughtfulness.

Jane stopped for a moment as the vision of home rose before. Her cheeks flushed and her eyes shone; she pressed her hands against her heart.

"Oh, I love you—I love you, my husband!" she said to herself, with sudden passion. The intensity of her feelings seemed to make her a changed creature and the world a new and most beautiful place. For the first time even the recollection of her sorrow passed from her; she was conscious of nothing in this moment but the confession that escaped her heart through her lips.

She roused herself almost roughly from her thoughts. She must stay a little while with Meadows; it was so long since he had seen her, and he would want to know so much about her. But directly she had satisfied his affectionate interest her duty would be over; she would be free to hasten back to her home and to the love that was more to her than life.

She stood on the broad steps and rang the iron bell. The sound echoed through the silent house and effectually dispersed her sweet day-dream. There was a long pause before the summons was answered, and, when the door was at last opened, it was not Meadows who stood there to receive her, but a tall imposing-looking butler whom she had never seen before. Jane hesitated only a moment.

"Will you kindly ask Meadows to come and speak to me?" she said, in her pretty courteous fashion. "I will detain him only a moment. He is here, I suppose? I hope he is not ill? I am Lady Hampshire, and I wish very much to see him."

Before the servant could make any reply, a clear cold voice rang out from the hall beyond.

"Lawson, beg Lady Hampshire to be so good as to come in, and go at once and ascertain if Meadows has left yet."

Jane drew back involuntarily. The rich color faded from her face and the exquisite pleasure that had filled her breast a moment before vanished at the first sound of that voice. She had not imagined for a moment that there could have been any possibility of finding Lady Ludlowe at Carno Court. The last letter that Meadows had sent her, written with great difficulty and much affection, had reached her barely a week before, and in that he had spoken of the house being closed for months to come. Lady Montrose also had casually informed them that her niece was going abroad for some time.

Lady Ludlowe quickly advanced towards the doorway.

"Pray come in, Lady Hampshire," she said, with a faint cold smile; "you must be frozen in such a wind!"

Jane felt it was impossible to refuse to enter the house, though her first instinct to turn and leave it was still strong upon her.

"Thank you," she answered quietly. "I am not cold, but I will come in for a moment, as I should like to see Meadows before returning home.

"I believe he has not yet left the house," said Cynthia.

She pushed a chair towards the fire as she spoke, and Jane sat down. They had not yet looked at each other. It was an oppressive and a painful moment to them both. To Jane it was as though she were passing through an unpleasant dream; it was a dark reminder of the past that had been so bitter to her. The well-remembered surroundings recalled that past so vividly, and Cynthia's voice awakened all the misery, the pain, the weary hopelessness that had weighed her down so often in those old days. A hundred recollections rushed through Jane's mind in this moment. She seemed to live over again the story of her old heartache and sorrow. She thrilled with the old passionate loyalty, she suffered once more the pain that this woman's neglect of her father had roused so keenly within her; she was filled again with all the contempt that Cynthia's selfish heartless nature had called into life. Jane's first clear coherent thought was a sudden strong desire to get away from Cynthia's presence and all that belonged to her. She could not play a role. She never was or would be a hypocrite. She could never pretend to have any affection for her father's widow. If she could forgive, she could not forget.

Lady Ludlowe rightly interpreted Jane's quiet proud constraint. She, on her side, was neither calm nor cold; she was quivering with an excitement which was not so strange to her as it once would have been. She had often wondered how and where and when she would meet Lord Hampshire's wife. She had been content to let time pass on a little, to see if any overture would come from the other side. She was half inclined to imagine from the fact that Hampshire had written that letter to her that he would endeavor to establish a pretence of friendship between them. His complete silence was a blow to her; and, as the months passed, she experienced a feverish desire to enter into the life of these two people, one of whom was so hateful to her. She had never ceased assuring herself, with a sense of bitter satisfaction, that the marriage had been brought about solely for her punishment. Everything tended to confirm her in this opinion: the haste and the secrecy with which the matter had been managed was an indisputable proof to Cynthia that revenge, and revenge alone, had incited Lord Hampshire to make Jane Ludlowe his wife. Her aunt's words, though they had annoyed her, had made no real impression upon her. She brooded over the affair till she became more and more cynical and bitter. Her great wealth was powerless to give her consolation, her freedom was almost an irony; her hatred for Jane was intense, her jealousy and her desire to find a vent for it were the very breath of her life. She had sketched out for herself a dozen different ways in which this hatred and jealousy should find relief; she knew for certain that, whatever the man's feelings might be, Jane would be in ignorance of the truth—that there must have been some imitation of love-making, otherwise he would never have persuaded the girl to play into his hands and assist him in carrying out his revenge so successfully.

Cynthia was however prepared with nothing except the determination to grasp the very first chance to unveil the truth before Jane's eyes, and to let the girl know the humiliating part she had been cast to play in this grim fight between her husband and his old love. She had pictured to herself a great satisfaction in this whenever it should come, for she assured herself again and again that, unless Jane's heart had been deeply touched, she would never have agreed to marry Hampshire, especially in so hurried a fashion. Cynthia had had some experience of Jane's nature, and she knew she was not mistaken here. A smile had always flickered over her cold thin lips whenever she reflected thus. "And she will suffer," she had always said to herself, with grim satisfaction—"she will suffer!"

But it was not until this moment, when her eyes rested on Jane's radiant happy loveliness, that Cynthia realized how great the suffering and the satisfaction could and should be. A hot wave of exultant excitement rushed through her, and her heart beat so violently that she was hardly mistress of herself. She could only grasp the truth that her hour had come at last, that she was alone with the woman she hated—the woman who reigned in the kingdom her proud, selfish, covetous heart desired so much—that she could strike fiercely and bitterly.

There was a long silence, for neither of them could find it easy to speak, and it was a relief to both when the butler returned bearing the information that Meadows had already left the house, according to Lady Ludlowe's orders. Cynthia motioned the man away.

"I have had to dispense with Meadows," she said, when they were alone again, in the old tone that Jane remembered so well; "he was extravagant and impertinent."

Jane rose proudly; she did not deign to answer this remark, though her heart was full of anger at such an aspersion on the character of her faithful friend.

"Then I intrude upon you no longer, Lady Ludlowe," she said courteously but coldly. "I must apologize for having disturbed you. My train leaves in a little while; I have to get to the station."

Cynthia broke in curtly—

"I shall be obliged if you will give me a few moments more. I have something I wish to say to you. Your unexpected visit has, in fact, anticipated a letter from me, in which I should have requested you to grant me an interview at your convenience. You will therefore, I trust, accede to that request now."

Jane bent her head quietly. She did not resume her seat, but stood, tall and slender, in her graceful black garments, with her eyes fixed upon the beautiful woman before her, waiting for what was to come. She knew that it would be something unpleasant, and she gathered up all her pride and courage to support her through the disagreeable trial.

Cynthia stood in front of the fire, with one foot resting on the bronze fender, a flush on her cheeks and a bright light in her usually cold eyes. Jane recalled the words her father had spoken on that night when she had first heard the sound of Cynthia's name.

"A very queen of women!"—that had been the praise of the man who had worshipped his girl-wife; and Jane felt once again that she indorsed the words. It was a queenly creature indeed who stood before her—a woman of supreme physical beauty.

"I wish to speak to you about your father's will," said Cynthia, in her old sharp cold way. "I wish to know if you have anything to say to me on the subject?"

"No," said Jane, in a very low tone, flushing hotly—"no—I have nothing to say about it, Lady Ludlowe."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMONG the many anniversary celebrations which are to be observed this year in England is the 200th anniversary of the foundation of the Bank of England. The Old Lady of Threadneedle street came into existence in 1694; and its charter was renewed by the administration of Sir Robert Peel in 1844, when it received what is practically a monopoly of issuing English banknotes.

A JAPANESE novelist has produced a story called "The Romance of a Dog," which is to appear in 108 volumes, issued at short intervals at a popular price. The Japanese write novels as they produce plays, in a number of instalments.

REALITY OF LIFE.

BY T. P. K.

Close by the murmuring streamlet's flow,
The wild flowers bloom all summer long,
Unconscious of the tears and woe
That seem the lot of human throng,
So calmly fair.
Oh, for such sinless peace,
Lulled by the wood brook's flow,
Such beautiful release
From all the ills we know!

But life is not a wild flower's bloom,
Nor yet the sinfulness of sleep;
The duties of the present loom
Resistlessly, with import deep,
So real is life.
Yet through the storm and stress,
Something of wild flower calm,
Something of sleep to bless,
Something of music's balm!

HIS SECRET.

BY C. M. S.

CHAPTER III—(CONTINUED.)

HE kept his word nobly, and did his very best to help Paul Graham. He spoke of his talents, and tried hard to interest others in him. But it seemed that though people liked and admired the young artist, no great opinion prevailed of his talents or industry. As Hilda's guardian, John thought it only just to say a few words of wise precaution to her. He might as well have spoken them to the winds. She believed in Paul; to her he was the most gifted and noble of human beings.

The time came round for their wedding day, and on the evening previous John Hilton took from his drawer the picture and the curl that had been his chief treasures for so many years, and knew he must gaze upon them no more. School himself as he would, he still loved her. He could sooner have drifted away from his life than his love. It had become part of his nature. Yet he knew that his love must be crushed with an iron hand. He looked away the sweet, smiling face, and resolved never to look upon it again.

He went to the wedding, and saw the only woman he ever loved given to another. It was he, in place of her father, who blessed her and wished her all joy. It was he who cheered and gladdened her, hiding, in his magnificent generosity, all trace of his sorrow and pain. It was he who presented Hilda with the little pink check, his wedding-present, that was to take her and her husband away for a time into what Hilda thought fairyland, but ordinary mortals called the Lake country.

When all was over, and the sweet face, wet with happy tears, had gone from him, John Hilton returned to his solitary home. Far into the night his footsteps might have been heard pacing wearily up and down his chamber. What he suffered none will ever know. Those who saw him one short week afterwards, did not recognise in the stern, sad man the once energetic, active lawyer. His whole frame was changed.

* * * * * *

Six weeks afterwards, Mr. and Mrs. Graham returned to London. John Hilton had been magnanimous to the last; he had superintended the furnishing of the little cottage and had added many articles of comfort, and even luxury, including a piano for Hilda. Two or three times afterwards he visited them, so as not to seem strange; but he knew how far his strength went, and that he could not bear much more. Gradually, however, he ceased his visits, calling only at rare intervals, pleading constant and fatiguing business as his excuse. He sought refuge in work; he never dared to stop and think—to reflect upon his love or his loss. He worked from sunrise far into the night, seeking to forget the face and voice that would haunt him while life would lasted.

So three years passed, and John Hilton began to fear at last that all was not well in the artist's home. He had not called more than three or four times in each year. Then it had struck him that Hilda looked pale and worn; the brightness seemed to have left her face.

He noticed, too, how frequently she applied for her quarter's money long before it was due, little dreaming, poor child, that it was upon John Hilton's charity she and her husband were living. He heard not a word of Paul's success; the Royal Academy refused his pictures, and no one seemed to buy them. Paul Graham became moody and discontented, sullen and soured in tempor. It was no very happy life that his young wife led in the pretty cottage.

At length Paul began to question Hilda about her money. How much had her father left? Did she know how it was invested?

"It was all very well for John Hilton," he said, "to keep matters in his own hands; for his part he should like to know something more. There never was a lawyer yet who could not take care of himself."

Hilda listened with a burning face and aching heart to these unworthy suspicions. Could this man, who dared to suspect and question her noble, generous guardian, be the same Paul she had believed so far superior to his fellow men?

Once, and only once, did the artist venture to question John Hilton as to his wife's fortune. The calm, haughty reply that he received silenced even him for a time. Mr. Hilton simply refused to enter into any explanation whatever, and strongly advised Paul, for his own sake, to leave the matter alone.

A crisis came at last. Some one offered to take Paul to Italy to study, if he could raise a few hundred pounds.

"It is a chance I must not neglect, Hilda," said Paul. "You must go yourself to your guardian, and persuade him to let me draw out half, or at least a quarter of the principle of your money, that will enable me to go to Italy, and yet leave you sufficient to live upon."

So one day, to John's great surprise, Hilda came to his office with that petition. He would have given his life to have restored the brightness to that sad face, and the smile to the sweet lips. But over one thing he was firm; he would not touch the principle of her money. He had no reliance upon Paul. Even if he were to draw out five hundred pounds now, in a few months it would be spent, and under some pretext he would want more.

He refused Hilda's request kindly but firmly; the consequence of which was, that Paul Graham flew into a violent passion, and forbade his wife ever to exchange another word with her guardian.

For two years this estrangement lasted, and then the wish of the artist's was gratified. A kindly patron undertook to send him to Italy, and Hilda offered him rather more than half her income. He never asked her to go with him, or seemed to wished it. Paul Graham seldom thought of any one but himself. He had been in Florence six months before John Hilton knew that he had left England, and his ward was living alone.

Then he called upon her, believing it his duty to do so. Sharper than any physical pain was the grief he felt, when he saw his once blooming, beautiful ward. The radiance and sunshine of her beauty had died away, the dark eyes were sad and clouded, the lips had lost their smile, the whole face its sunshine.

He read the story at a glance. Had Paul Graham been a successful man, he would perhaps have been a good husband; as it was, he became soured in temper and disposition, and neglected his sweet, gentle wife, who never complained. He had been absent six months, and during that time had only written three short letters to her.

Loneliness and disappointments were preying upon Hilda, changing her so much that her guardian did not know her. She was almost rapturously pleased to see him; they spoke but few words of the absent husband. John understood that he would never forgive his refusal to allow the sum of money he required.

John could not say much, but he left Hilda with his heart full of anxiety and sorrow. He could not see any way in which he could help her. He could not now offer her the shelter of his home, or the use of his money; she was still his beloved ward, but she was also another man's wife, and had gone from his care.

To the last day of his life John Hilton will remember that September evening when he sat in his office, thinking intently what he could do to help Hilda. He had hastily brushed away his papers and parchments; they disturbed the current of his thoughts, and he wanted to consider. He was so engrossed in different plans, that a faint and somewhat feeble rap at the door did not at first draw his attention. When it had been repeated three or four times, John aroused himself and cried out, "Come in."

There entered at what he believed at first to be a specter, but it proved eventually to be a mere ordinary man, evidently in the last stage of illness.

The stranger gazed at John, and John gazed at the stranger in utter and undisguised wonder.

"John Hilton, do you not know me?" came at last, in a thick, hoarse voice from the pale lips. "Am I so changed that you do not know me?"

"Never having seen you in my life," replied the lawyer, calmly, "how can I be supposed to know you?"

"Yes, I robbed, ruin and betrayed you, my dear friend's son. I spoiled your life and blighted your prospects. I am Humphrey Seaton."

John Hilton gazed in astonishment too great for speech. Could this pale, trembling emaciated stranger be his once handsome, stately guardian?"

"Speak one word to me, John," continued the quivering voice. "I am a dying man, but I have traveled many thousand miles to make restitution to you, and to looked once more upon my child's face. Does she live? Is she happy?"

"I have spent my life in caring for her," replied John. "I have never had another thought since you left her."

"Heaven bless you for a noble, generous man!" said Humphrey Seaton. "John, I can make all up to you. I have worked hard—no man in the gold diggings toiled harder. I have brought back your ten thousand pounds, and three thousand for my daughter besides. You will forgive me now, John, will you not?"

So saying, Humphrey Seaton bowed his head upon his trembling hands and wept bitter tears.

"I forgave you long years ago," said John. "I have forgotten the wrong you once did me. Hilda brought many blessings into my lonely life. For her sake, long since I ceased to remember you had even been anything but my father's friend. Try and forget also."

"Nay, I can never forget," replied Humphrey Seaton, sorrowfully. "Nature intended me for an honest man. John, the memory of my sin has blighted my life and brought me to death. I have done the best I could to atone for it," he continued. "I never spent one penny on myself that I could do without. I went to Dantrey last week and paid every farthing I owed there. Then I came to London in search of you, hoping from you to hear some tidings of my child."

"I was with her not four hours since," said John.

"Take me to her," cried the sick man, rising, his whole frame trembling with agitation; "take me to her, my little golden-haired Hilda. I cannot bear suspense any longer. Let me see her soon, or I shall die."

"You shall go at once when you are calmer," said John. "Let me give you a glass of wine first."

Mr. Seaton drank hastily the wine John placed before him.

"I am ready now, John," he said. "I feel strong and well."

A deep feeling of pity arose in John Hilton's mind; strong and well, with death painted in such terrible colors on the worn face! They then started, and were not long in reaching the little cottage.

"You had better let me go in first," said John, as they drove along. "Hilda must be prepared. Remember, she has been taught that her father is dead."

Then John told Mr. Seaton the story of his life since that morning when he had received his letter; how faithfully he had fulfilled his every wish; how he had given the child another name, taken her far from her former home, shared his little all with her and taught her to believe her father dead.

Humphrey Seaton listened in wonder too great for words.

"You are a noble man, John," he said. "Heaven rewards such deeds as yours. Men have no name for them."

* * * * * *

Hilda looked somewhat astonished when her guardian for the second that day appeared before her. She had never seen that kind, calm face flushed and agitated as it was now. He took her hands gently in his own and drew her to a seat beside himself.

"Hilda," he said, "I have strange news for you."

"Is it of Paul?" she cried eagerly.

"No, not of Paul," replied John Hilton, gently. "Send back your thoughts down to the time you were a child and tell me what is the first thing you remember."

"My father," she said, quickly; "a kind, handsome man, who indulged and spoiled me—who loved me very dearly."

"You have for many years believed that he was dead," said John. "Try and be strong, Hilda; suppose he is living, after all, and wants to see you."

For a few minutes John was alarmed, her face grew so deathly pale and her eyes so wild. By a strong effort she recovered herself, and then her guardian told her that Humphrey Seaton, her father, who had once loved her so dearly, was even now at her door waiting to see her. Not one word did he tell of the story of that reckless life; he left the father to relate his own history to his child.

"She is waiting for you," he said to Mr. Seaton. "See her alone, and when you want me I will come in."

He then opened the door of the room where Hilda stood and left them together.

Humphrey Seaton never quite remembered that scene. He saw before him the golden-haired child whose sweet face, even in his dreams, had always smiled upon him. He tried to kneel and bow his gray head before her in the abasement of his sorrow and shame, but two loving arms were twined round his neck and tender lips touched his furrowed face. He could remember no more until he opened his eyes again and found himself lying on the little sofa, his daughter by his side.

Then Humphrey Seaton told his story, his folly, his reckless extravagance, his sin, and base betrayal of his dead friend's trust—told it with bitter tears and sobs that shook his feeble frame.

"Bad deeds are always punished, Hilda," he said; "mine have haunted me to my death."

Hilda comforted him with tender words, such as good women use to the sick and sorrowful, speaking to him of mercy and goodness beyond the mercy of men.

With his arms still clasped round her, as though she gave him strength, Humphrey Seaton told her another story, the secret of John Hilton's life.

Hilda heard it as one in a dream. This noble, generous man, who had been friend, brother and guardian to her—who had sheltered and shielded her, given her everything she had in the world—had been ruined by her own father; and this was his revenge! Nobly and well had he kept his faith. A burning blush overspread Hilda's face when she heard it was to his bounty that herself and her husband owed their daily bread.

Well might John advise Paul Graham, for his own sake, to ask no questions about his wife's fortune. Was ever generosity so great as his, or folly so great as hers? She longed, yet dreaded, to gaze upon his face again. What must he think of her, this noble man, who had only lived for her, while she had made light of his love and trampled it under her feet?

When she heard the sound of his footsteps she went to meet him.

"John Hilton," she said, "I owe you so much that my life itself could not repay you."

For a moment he looked wistfully at her, thinking her love would have far outweighed all that he had done; then he smiled and laid his hand upon her bowed head.

"You owe me no thanks, Hilda," he said, gently. "You were always my dear, loving little sister. You have given me more happiness than I have given you."

"You knew when I married Paul that it was on your money we should live," she said.

"Of course I knew it, little sister; but it was your money then, not mine."

"With one word you might have stayed my marriage, yet, loving me yourself, you did not speak it."

"I thought of your happiness, not my own," he replied.

He would hear no thanks, and refused to listen if they said any more of what he had done for them. Hilda was his sister, that was all he would say.

They spent a long evening talking of the past and present; no one liked to mention the future. It did not exist in time for the repentant, sorrowful man, who seemed unable to move his eyes from his daughter's face. He asked many questions respecting her husband and his prospects, and Hilda answered brightly. She saw in the fortune so unexpectedly given to her bright hopes for him.

Before Humphrey Seaton quitted his daughter's house that evening he wrote to her husband, giving him a slight outline of his story, asking him to return home, that he might see and know him before he died; and in his daughter's presence, while warm tears of gratitude dimmed her eyes, he repaid John Hilton the ten thousand pounds he had wrongfully taken from him.

For some weeks Humphrey Seaton lived happily with Hilda. Almost as much as he loved his daughter, he loved the noble, generous man to whom she owed everything in the world. Although there was no ultimate chance of his recovery, he regained a little strength, and began to hope that he might spend one Christmas with his child.

They were very happy together. Paul wrote kindly to Mr. Seaton and promised to return as soon as he had completed the course of study he had entered upon. But Humphrey Seaton never saw his daughter's husband—he died three weeks before Paul was expected home, and if ever man repented of evil deeds, thoughtlessly done, it was Humphrey Seaton, who died rather from sorrow and remorse than illness.

All sorrow was not yet ended for Hilda. She never saw her husband again. He was drowned in one of the squalls that arise at times on the bright Italian lakes. She grieved for him for a long time; but she must have allowed John Hilton to comfort her after a time, for in the Times of the month of June, three years after her husband's death, was to be seen the following record:

"On the 24th of June, at St. George's, Highgate, by the Rev. Simpson White, John Hilton, Esq., to Hilda, relic of the late Paul Graham, Esq., and only child of the late Humphrey Seaton, Esq., of Dantrey."

The time had come when Hilda was proud to call herself the daughter of Humphrey Seaton. No life could be happier than hers. Not to be empress would she exchange the proud happiness of being John Hilton's wife.

[THE END.]

One Man's Ingratitude.

BY OLIVE BELL.

THE family mansion of the Christies, of Oakdale, was a grand old building, its tall gables covered with ivy, and the fluted columns of the wide porticos, garnished with trailing roses, whose rich red heart glowed like drops of blood in the Junesunshine. Within its walls, the mighty touch of Midas had been softened by the mightier touch of taste, and in one of the wide low rooms, all softened lights, and dusky shadows, a man sat in a deep cushioned chair, his elbows resting on the marble top of a table before him, and his handsome face buried in his hands.

"Must it all go—all my father's lands and my beloved home," groaned Ashburton Christie, as he lifted his haggard face and gazed out at the fair domain with troubled eyes, for Ashburton had a Christie's love for his birthplace, and the Christie home-love was a by-word in the county.

"All go!" echoed a full sweet voice, and Ashburton turned with a start to see a young girl leaning against the back of his chair.

"Why Winifred!" he exclaimed, in a surprised, but not a pleased tone. "When did you arrive?"

"Have just come—hired a hack at Hawley," explained Winifred Deane, Ashburton's full cousin, as she laid aside her hat and sat down on the opposite side of the little table. Her dark brown eyes met Ashburton's blue orbs a moment, and then her rather dark face was flushed a lovely crimson. Winifred was no beauty and she knew it; yet there was a quiet taste and quaintness about her that attracted many admirers. For Winifred was rich and an orphan, and had the means to allow her odd fancies full play. But the one man, who of all the world, she desired to pleased, stood aloof and scarcely accorded her the cousinly interest their relationship sanctioned.

Ashburton stared a moment at the downcast blushing face. It suddenly occurred to him that perhaps Winifred had come with a purpose. So he raised his handsome head a trifle higher with some indistinct idea floating through his brain that it would not be quite the thing to accept help from a woman he had always held at arm's length.

Winifred seemed growing impatient at the silence. Flecks of color were coming and going in her cheeks, and her lips quivered liked a grieved child's.

"Cousin Ashburton, I am sorry for your trouble; but I did not think the old homestead would have to go," she said in a low sympathetic voice.

"All will have to go, as you are aware I have little ready money. The old homestead is dearer in my eyes than in the eyes of the world. It will not bring more than twenty-five thousand, and I endorsed for thirty thousand."

"A foolish proceeding."

"True, but I thought Winton the soul of honor," he sighed. "I never dreamed of him absconding with his employer's money. I will never trust any man again."

For Rufus Winton, the cashier of a prominent banking-house, had induced Christie to indorse for him under the plea that he working out some successful financial venture, and after the bubble burst, disappeared with thousands of dollars that belonged to the firm.

"Ashburton," there was a little tremble in Winifred's sweet full voice, and Ashburton felt himself growing hot as he met the pleading glance in the brown eyes, "I have thirty thousand dollars that you may have the use of until you are ready to repay it, if—if——"

"If what, Winifred?" Ashburton leaned forward, his handsome face losing its haggard look as he listened eagerly.

"If you will love me just a little, Ashburton," blurted out Winifred dropping her red face on the table, for to tell the truth Winifred would have given twice as much for a portion of Ashburton Christie's love.

Ashburton had a really kind heart and an impulsive nature, and Winifred's magnanimous offer touched him deeply.

"Winifred," he said, with a sound of tears in his voice, "I do not deserve this."

He rose to his feet and going round to Winifred's side, laid his shapely white hand on her shoulder. Winifred looked up into his face with her heart in her eyes. Surely, if ever a woman loved man, this woman loved him, thought Ashburton, and with a strange pain at his heart he stooped down and kissed her on the lips.

Two arms were around his neck in an instant.

"O, Ashburton, you will take it. I can't bear to see you in trouble," sobbed Winifred, on the border of a genuine fit of hysterics, for Ashburton's kiss had thrown her off her guard.

"Yes, yes," Ashburton hastened to say, slowly and tenderly unclasping the warm plump arms from around his neck, "and I will never be able to pay you for your kindness."

"I want nothing but your love and loving words, Ashburton," sighed poor Winifred. "You don't know how I have hungered for them."

Ashburton slipped his arm around her waist, and with his face bowed on hers, vowed to love her as he loved no other woman.

At the time I believe he was perfectly sincere, for an hour before his life had looked so desolate that no ray of hope could penetrate the darkness. Now this gift of a loving, generous woman had flooded his life with sunshine, and the home he loved would be saved.

"But Winifred, you must not beggar yourself. It may be years before I can repay you."

"I will have my old homestead, and the rents from my town houses left," smiled Winifred, shyly withdrawing from his encircling arm. "Quite sufficient for my simple tastes, cousin."

"May God forget me if I forget you, Winifred Deane," was Ashburton Christie's answer. "You have been that best of all friends—a friend in need."

And as Ashburton himself drove Winifred back to Hawley, hope took a stronger hold on the young girl's heart; for Ashburton was blithe, gentle, and tender, that she imagined they would one day share her loan together. And for a few months Winifred enjoyed her Fool's Paradise. Then, when the sharp edge began to wear off Ashburton's gratitude, the poor girl began to feel that her money was more attractive than herself. Ashburton grew careless at first, then colder and colder until Winifred's heart ached with pain. They were at a fashionable summer resort, and day after day Winifred watched her handsome cousin riding, driving, rowing, and flirting with a lovely young blonde whom, rumor said, was fabulously rich. She spent most of her lonely hours on the beach, watching the white-capped waves coming in—watching until her brown eyes ached at the sight; and she wished the cool shining water would bear her out into eternal oblivion.

Once only she begged for a tender word. Ashburton had come upon her one languid August afternon as she sat on a huge boulder, her chin buried in her palms, and her sadly pathetic eyes watching the restless waves.

"Why, Winifred," he exclaimed with more warmth than usual, "I have not seen you for days."

Winifred looked up at him. He was so strong and handsome, his blue eyes were so bewitchingly bright, and his smile so genial, that she did not wonder all the women were wild after him. Handsome, rich, and refined women too—women who wore their wealth and beauty with the grace she lacked and her heart softened towards him as she held out her hand.

"You might spare, poor me, a few moments each day, Ashburton. You know I'm not attractive in a fashionable crowd like this, but I have been a true friend to you," she said gently.

"You have indeed," he assented, stroking his blonde moustache with an uneasy light in his blue eyes. For Ashburton Christie lacked what solid people call "backbone." That is the mainspring of all real feeling—namely principle, was left out of his nature to a certain extent, for his good deeds were oftener the result of impulse than any real desire to befriend his fellows, and his rather shallow affections were not trustworthy.

In the first gush of gratitude, for Winifred Deane's timely offer of help, he had made many mental resolves to love Winifred; for with a man's intuition, he had fathomed the motive that prompted the offer. But gratitude softened into friendship, and friendship was fast drifting into the feeling of indifference with which he had always regarded her. He looked at the little dark face now, and wished that he could love her as she deserved to be loved. But one tress of Miss Edith Coulter's blonde hair was dearer to him than this woman's blind devotion; yet his voice had a soft ring as he laid his hand on the bowed head.

"Winifred—I will never forget your kindness. I neglect you, I admit, but still I never wholly forget you. Let us be friends, Winifred."

He stooped down and took one of her little cold hands in his. But there was no responding clasp in Winifred's, for even as the light was dying out of the western sky, so was the light of all future happiness dying out of her life, and her hopes vanishing like the mists she often watched, as they broke into invisible air.

"I am your friend always," said Winifred, wearily. "I have few pleasant things to look back upon in my life, but I will always be thankful that I had the power to help you."

"I will repay you both principal and interest, when—when——"

"When you marry Miss Coulter," she said as her heart sank like lead, for she knew by the flush on his face why he hesitated.

"Yes, Winifred, Miss Coulter and I are engaged. I told her the whole story and she is anxious to make your acquaintance. Come—the evening air is growing chilly."

But Winifred drew back.

"Not now, Ashburton, to-morrow will do as well." She turned her hungry eyes and pale face from him, thinking with a sinking heart of the kiss he gave her that bright June morning. He left her, and like many a woman before her, who has drank the bitter cup of unrequitted love to its very dregs, she laid her white face down on the boulder and prayed for Death.

Two hours later Ashburton Christie and his affianced wife were strolling along the beach. The moon hung like a silver ball in the sapphire heavens, and where one long slanting ray crept up the beach, resting broad and bright on the boulder, whereon, rested a bowed figure, half-shrouded with a fleecy white shawl. Ashburton paused with an exclamation of surprise on his lips—

"Winifred—you here yet—and alone?"

He laid his hand on the bowed head. But Winifred never stirred. He hastily raised her face that the moonlight might fall on it, and Edith Coulter shrank away, with a low cry, for Death had set his seal on the closed eyes.

"My God!" Ashburton's past coldness smote him like a knife, "if I had only treated her more gently!"

"Who is she, Ashburton?" breathed Edith.

"My cousin, Winifred; and I have killed her with ingratitude!"

Heart disease was the verdict, but as Ashburton Christie bent over the peaceful face, he felt more deeply than ever the fruits of his ingratitude.

But God's blessed peace had come to Winifred!

A REMARKABLE discovery has been made by Professor Emmerich. He finds that the blood of an animal which has recovered from an infectious disease can cure another animal suffering from the same disease, and the discovery is likely to prove of the greatest importance.

MANY OF THE PLAGUES OF DYSPEPSIA, and the depression caused by General Debility, may be overcome by Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. It helps the weak and aids the digestive functions, being an excellent General Tonic, and the very best of Worm exterminators besides. For use as a Tonic the larger sized bottles are the cheapest. Sold by all Druggists.

Scientific and Useful.

TARTARIC ACID.—Tartaric acid or citric acid has been found to be destructive to disease-producing organisms, notably the bacilli of cholera.

POLISHING—An electric shoe-polishing machine is in operation in Brooklyn. Two holes in a box are made to receive the patron's feet; the blacking is dropped automatically on the leather, and then the swish of oval brushes is heard. In a minute and a half both boots are simultaneously polished.

A COLLAPSING HAT.—A New York milliner's recent invention will find a large place waiting for it in the public heart. The new fad is a collapsing hat for ladies, to be worn at theatres and other places of public amusement. By simply pulling a string the wearer can fold the hat into an almost invisible shape.

LEMONS.—California fruit dealers have made possible new uses for the much-used is juice of lemons. Extracting the juice, it treated with a preservative process which renders it an admirable mixture for all sorts of domestic purposes. The compound is also quite popular in bars and restaurants for the concoction of mixed drinks.

CATCHING FISH.—A French electrician catches fish by sinking in the water a net with an incandescent lamp attached. The curious fish collect around the light, when a pneumatic tire around the edge of the net is silently inflated and rises to the surface, entrapping them without frightening them, and, hence, without destroying the spawn—a great drawback to ordinary net fishing.

TYPEWRITING BY WIRE.—The telotype, or electrical typewriter, has been designed to meet the requirements of a rapid and truthworthy printing telegraph instrument, which has long been needed. This instrument is manipulated very much in the same way as a typewriter. The transmitter as well as the receiver, makes a copy of the message, and the liability to mistakes is thus largely decreased. The instrument works in unison, and it is impossible to send a message from one machine unless the corresponding machine at the end of the distant line is properly receiving. The record is plainly printed on the strip of moving paper in front of the operator. The same instrument can both send and receive.

Farm and Garden.

WEEDS.—Do not cultivate deep if the ground is clear of weeds, but stir the surface soil only. In many cases the harrow will be better than the cultivator for loosening the soil between the rows of plants.

RACKS.—Hay racks should not be above the troughs, as they cause the animals to inhale dust. The proper place for a hay rack is on the floor, alongside of the trough, so that the animal can eat by standing above the food.

LAND AND CROPS.—The value of the land must be considered in the crop. If the farmer at a distance must pay higher transportation charges he will have the advantage of being able to produce as much per acre as on more valuable land nearer the markets.

FRUIT TREES.—To protect fruit trees from caterpillars take axle grease, tar or any other waxy substance, and apply on the limbs above the forks of the trees, and worms cannot cross, and therefore will starve to death or drop off and not harm the tree. This is a cheap remedy for small trees just beginning to bear.

GRASS.—Tobacco stems have a wonderful effect upon the growth of grass. Upon pasture lands they produce better results than stable manure, and, moreover, give a flavor which is delightful to the stock. This shows that a crop of tobacco has taken much from the soil in which it grew, and is an exhaustive crop. Procure from the city shops all such waste possible, and put upon your meadows.

WASTE.—Up to a certain point all food is utilized in supplying the constant and natural waste of the system. A plant or an animal must be full fed. After an animal waste is supplied, then comes a demand for so much to furnish animal heat. After these demands have been met, and not until then, surplus production becomes possible. Moreover, the latter object is best gained by the careful feeder and by a perfectly balanced ration.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

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FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

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Of Imagination.

There have been quaint writings about imagination. Thus Hobbes could see nothing in it but memory. He defined imagination as "decaying sense," arguing in this way—We see an object clearly with the eye. Close the eye, and it is still seen, but more obscurely; after a time it will be less and less clearly seen by the mind's eye; and the decaying sense of what has been seen is imagination. Addison followed in somewhat the same strain.

How much imagination is more than memory and how inadequate is Hobbes's definition of "decaying sense" may be seen in the lover who builds up in solitude and absence a picture of the woman whom he thinks he loves, building it upon the slenderest of experience. It is in no sense a symptom of decay, but a very marvellous example of sudden growth.

Thus the imaginative man, whose "understanding," as our forefathers would have called it, is not as stable as it might be, may be pictured passing a woman in the street, or sitting within sight of her at church, or receiving a sweet acknowledgement for some little courtesy while she was traveling, and out of these infinitesimally meagre materials he may construct a picture of her that to him is as real as any living being, although it probably will be quite unlike the woman who is admired. Give the imaginative man of science a bone of a defunct creature the like of which he has never seen, and he will build up that creature with an almost miraculous nicety, as is proved when the complete fossil is discovered. Imagination is quite content to work from its small bone of experience or memory.

Nor does imagination depend for its ideas wholly on sight, as Addison so hastily concluded in the first of his charming essays on the subject. If so, the blind man would be debarred from all its pleasures—a deprivation of no small account, if we are to accept the opinion of one of the metaphysicians that imagination is the great spring of human activity and the source of human improvement, and that the destruction of the faculty would reduce man to a condition as stationary as that of the beasts. By confining the resources of imagination to sights, Addison bars the way to the world of harmonies, "the concord of sweet sounds," in which the musician lives. Who will deny nowadays that odors are without their effect on the imagination?

The scent of the health-giving pines, the invigorating breath off the heather, the strong pungent whiff of the sea's iodine, the moist mould of autumn scavenging the summer refuse, the incense of temples, the whiskey-fume of the dram-shop as its victim shuffles out—these and a hundred other odors stimulate the imagination as readily as the sights which they accompany. And then are there not intellectual and moral stimuli quite as active and powerful as the memories of sight—the power of noble words well ordered to move the imagination, apart from any set pictures that may be drawn, and the infecting influence of great actions or of moral splendor which reaches the imagination direct? But we are wandering away into an answer to the old writers whom we meant to quote only because of their quaintness.

The scope of imagination is illimitable; it can introduce into the narrowest life as much of beauty as the thought of the particular man can compass. How often it is seen that the youth who has lived a quiet life with thought and with books, which bring the world along with them, knows far more of the world, through the power of imagination wisely stimulated and well directed, than is known by the young man who has been in the midst of the world's turmoil and yet has not had eyes to see or ears to hear the messages of the scenes he witnessed!

There is a good deal to be said for Dugald Stewart's view, narrow old Scotchman as he was, that imagination is the source of human improvement, for "it presents to the mind scenes and characters more perfect than those with which we are acquainted; it prevents us from being completely satisfied with our present condition or with our past attainments, and it engages us in the pursuit of some untried enjoyment or some ideal excellence." It is a well-rounded sentence and an attractive view, but surely it is a somewhat strenuous view of imagination! As a rule, the object of the free play of the imagination is pleasure rather than stern work.

We dally complacently with fancies; they are dreams. And yet imagination has its very practical uses as well as imparting a delightful glamor to life. Some writer declares that imagination makes people sensitive. In proportion as a man can picture at a distance the realities of ruin he will strive to avoid what leads to ruin. In the same way a keen perception of the sufferings of others through the power of the imagination will soften the heart. The cruel are sometimes hard because they have no imagination.

We are well aware that the imagination which is not kept in check and corrected frequently by references to the standard of real life soon becomes misleading and dangerous. People who withdraw from contact with the world, living the life of recluses, or, who, moving among men, allow their fancies to take possession of them, soon begin to take a distorted view of things. The pleasures and pains of the imagination are only a little less poignant than real pleasures or pains. Sometimes they are keener. Who has not suffered tortures of apprehension before an ordeal has been undergone, and found that the reality was but trivial compared with the anticipation?

It is useless to argue that whatever is false is unreal. The dread of the child going into the dark is based on a falsehood. There is nothing in the dark that will hurt the child, and it may be persuaded that there is no lurking harm at hand; but yet fear seizes upon it, and the misery of facing nothing, after the imagination has been excited and the nerves all set athrob, may be greater than any fear that would be felt in face of a real danger. This reality of the imagination is the strongest reason why a check should be kept upon roving and day-dreams should be only the embellishment and not a staple part of life. Probably a good half of the troubles from which men and women are suffering in a minor degree are imaginary—that is, due to hasty fancy uncorrected by sound judgment.

It is the balance of matter-of-fact knowledge of the world with brightness of fancy and grace of imagination which makes the ideal man or woman to live with. He or she should not be so dull as to find in prosy fact an adequate satisfaction, nor so volatile as to be always taking the wings of the morning and flying off to far-fetched conclusions, but should be content to drape the hard unsightly facts of life with fancy.

IN the varied and intimate intercourse of the home, perpetually do we need to pause and to withdraw, to think and get strength; and one great preventive of a firm inner growth is that we are obliged to postpone acts and exercises to a convenient season, the vitality of which depends upon being embraced at the moment. We need to seize moods of mind, to use hints as they arise, to follow out the suggestions of circumstance or moment; and we cannot do this unless we have some place in the house which is all our own to which to retire unmolested.

THE anger which flushes the face is not so deadly as that which makes it pale. The red heat is less intense than the white.

NOTHING more distinctly marks the really frivolous person than the anxiety to escape from intelligent intercourse.

George R. Graham.

DEATH OF AN OLD TIME EDITOR OF "THE POST."

On Thursday, July 12, 1894, at the Orange Memorial Hospital, New Jersey, died George R. Graham, one of the early editors of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, and one of the pioneers of the general diffusion of good family literature in this country. Many of our older readers will no doubt remember his connection with this journal, and with that long-successful monthly, "Graham's Magazine," which grew out of his purchase of "Atkinson's Casket," a periodical conducted by the then owner of the POST.

George R. Graham was born in Philadelphia in 1813. The death of his father compelled him to leave school, and, under the direction of an uncle, he learned the cabinet-maker's trade. But when his work at the shop was finished, young Graham pursued his studies. Some time later he entered a law office and was admitted to the Philadelphia bar. He contributed to newspapers and magazines, and his reputation grew until he was offered a place on THE POST, which became the foundation of all his subsequent literary ventures.

While under his control THE POST became the cradle that rocked into being most of the famous lights of the best American literature. No name of his period standing high to-day in the judgment of the English-reading world, but may thank George R. Graham, THE POST and "Graham's Magazine" for some of their most important successes. Among those whom he brought out or helped to secure a higher position in our native literature were Edgar Allen Poe, T. S. Arthur, Rufus Griswold, James Russell Lowell, George D. Prentice, Fanny Forester (Mrs. Judson), Phebe and Alice Cary, Grace Greenwood, William Gilmore Simms, Mrs. Sedgwick, Frances S. Osgood, N. P. Willis, James K. Paulding, Park Benjamin, W. W. Story, George W. Bethune, Mary Lockhart Lawson, Charles Fenno Hoffman, Mrs. Sigourney, John Greenleaf Whittier, Robert Morris and Thomas Dunn English. Some of these writers originally published their best-known works in the pages of "Graham's Magazine" and THE POST.

Mr. Graham lost the fortune he acquired some ten or twelve years since, and became not only impoverished but partially blind. He was placed, thanks to the beneficence of the late G. W. Childs, in the hospital mentioned about eight years ago, since which time his life has been as pleasant as the accumulating ills of age, counterpoised by the loving care of friendly hands, would permit.

In its three-quarters of a century of life THE POST has seen many old friends depart but Mr. Graham was the most conspicuous and venerable link binding it to its honored past.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

M. L.—Gentiles is the name by which the Jews distinguished all other nations or gentes from themselves. The gentiles were generally denoted by St. Paul as Greeks.

MINNIE.—May is a favorite month with lovers, and so, also, is October. As a rule, the month that a couple who really love each other get married in is the best month for them.

HOUSEMAID.—A good protection of polished steel from dust is a thin paraffin, which should be well rubbed on and then wiped off with a woollen rag. It will protect the surface better than any varnish.

P. M. S.—1. Purl, in knitting, means an inversion of stitches, which gives to the work a ribbed or waved appearance. 2. We have not the space to describe the various styles of electric lights and electric motors.

C. J.—Paul Revere, the patriot, was born in Boston, January 1, 1735, and died May 10, 1818. He was of Huguenot descent, and was taught his father's trade of goldsmith. In later years he became an expert copper-plate engraver.

J. SAND.—Magna Charta, the Great Charter, was a constitutional instrument executed by King John, of England, intended mainly for the nobles and landholders, but it embraced in its terms all freemen. It has been called "The key-stone of English liberty."

C. R. V.—A xylophone is an instrument consisting of pieces of wood arranged in the order of their notes, and played on with two little wooden mallets. Its principle is that of the musical glasses. It is pronounced as if spelled zi-lo-phone, the accent on the first syllable.

VAVA.—It is the general belief among medical men that it is not advisable for a child to sleep with an aged person. Had your little girl not slept with her grandmother during the last eighteen months she might not now have had such a delicate constitution, but been robust and vigorous.

C. L. S.—Previous to investing your funds in real estate, you should not only examine the property itself, but the surroundings, with a view to ascertaining whether the property is likely to advance in value. Take some disinterested party with you, and do not depend to any extent on the statements of estate agents.

K. M.—Stooping is not merely a habit. It generally indicates weakness of the muscles of the spinal column; and this may proceed from a variety of causes. It is not possible to point to any specific remedy for this defect. The best course would be to seek the opinion of a competent surgeon, who can say whether in the particular case anything can be done to prevent the habit, otherwise it may increase and lead to deformity.

STAR.—The Hindoos claim to have made observations from 3000 years B. C. The Chaldeans ascertained the principal circles of the sphere and position of the Poles. Pythagoras knew the obliquity of the ecliptic; that the earth moved round the sun; and the identity of the morning and evening star, some 580 years B. C.; and Thales, in the year 640 B. C., taught that the moon was lighted by the sun, and also that the earth was spherical, etc.

CANADA.—Dismal Swamp is in Virginia and North Carolina. Several small streams flow through it, and in the centre is Lake Drummond. The soil of the swamp consists of black vegetable matter to the depth of fifteen feet, saturated with water, yielding to the tread of man, and during a large part of the year covered in many places with stagnant pools. Roads are made in some parts of the swamp by laying logs, eight or ten feet long, side by side on the surface of the soil.

VINCENNES.—Impulsive feeling is no excuse for wrong-doing. To know what is right and not to do it is a grave fault. If you cannot place the oil and fire far apart, then resolve that there shall be no conflagration, and there will be none. The situation is regretable, but in many like cases, quite as bad or worse for both parties, evil has been avoided and happiness won. As time goes on the feelings will change, and what is for the moment captivating may in the end be found contemptible. Be prudent and conscientious.

H. E.—It would take too much space to describe the commonly-accepted form of a gipsy wedding; and the subject is not suitable for our pages. Gipsies are frequently married now in the ordinary way, with Christian rites; but undoubtedly they have recognized modes of their own that are as binding on them morally as the legally-prescribed forms would be. Although gipsies are commonly accused of having no religion, they have from time immemorial shown themselves ready to adopt outwardly the religion of the countries in which they wander. At one time they had a reputation for piety.

P. D.—The national symbol of England, in the olden time, was the rose; the shamrock or clover, of Ireland; and the thistle, of Scotland. When England claimed Ireland and Scotland, these three symbols were united on the royal shield of Great Britain, as they were found in the time of Queen Elizabeth. After a victory over France, the symbol of that country was also added, the unicorn wearing a chain, to denote the subjection of France to England. When a new sovereign succeeds to the crown, he has a right to place his own family coat-of-arms on the royal shield of Great Britian, which was done by George I. The coat-of-arms of the Guelphs (who were dukes of Brunswick and Hanover, in Germany) in the shape of two lions and a white horse, appears on one of the quarterings.

THE TOUCHSTONE.

BY BEN JONSON.

Truth is the trial of itself,
And needs no other touch,
And purer than the purest gold,
Refine it ne'er so much.

It is the light and life of love,
The Sun that ever shineth,
The Spirit of that special grace
That faith and love defineth.

It is the warrant of the World,
That yields a scent so sweet,
As gives a power to Faith to tread
All Falsehood under foot.

Cinderella's Dream.

BY K. M.

A LOVELY summer day—the first after weeks of cold winds and rain. Seldom is the sky seen so blue in cloudy England. Radiant sunshine pouring in at the shop-windows of the old High Street of Hasseford makes that eminently respectable thoroughfare look quite bright. Clattering down its uneven pavement is a troop of schoolboys, discussing with much gesticulation the coming cricket-match. After them comes a scarcely more sedate party of young men and maidens in tennis-flannels and carrying tennis-bats. Then a carriage rattles past with a gay company of picnickers. One and all are bent on pleasure; every face is smiling—at least, all but one. At the window of a grim red-brick house standing just within the aristocratic Close of the Cathedral town may be seen a face on which shines no bright anticipation of pleasure to come—a pale oval face framed in a wealth of wavy dark hair. The beautifully-curved lips have an expression of intense wistfulness, a crystal drop glistens on each of the long eye lashes shading the wondering gray eyes.

"How happy they look," the gazer murmurs sadly—"how happy they are!"

"Some people are but born
To look on others' joy"

are the lines that come into the girl's mind as she turns resolutely from the window whence she has been watching the pleasure-seekers and resumes her daily task of reducing to order the chaos of red wool which some day is to form Miss Johnson's generous gift to an indigent missionary. The scent of roses and mignonnette comes in at the open window, with the soft hum of insects. Presently there rises steadily the nasal psalm which is Miss Johnson's daily thanksgiving for her early dinner and the pint of claret that accompanies it. The marks of old age on her face are not those which inspire love and reverence—those left by noble thoughts and noble deeds—they are the outcome of a life of selfish indulgence and spite. Norah feels nothing but dislike as she glances at the recumbent figure on the sofa, and at the flushed cheeks, the wide open mouth, the tumbled cap, which has fallen to one side, revealing the bare patch at the back of the smooth auburn front.

A very different vision rises before the girl's eyes—a vision of a small creeper-covered house standing in an old-fashioned garden and shaded by a glorious old cedar. Under the cedar is a lady with a sweet pale face, looking too young to be the mother of the merry dark-haired girl playing a "single" at tennis with her father, her gay laugh ringing triumphantly across the lawn as a good stroke leaves her the winner of the game.

The vision changes. A day comes—a dreadful day—when a terrible railway-accident leaves the girl bereft in one moment of father and mother. The days that follow are like an evil dream, vague, and shadowed by the blow which has stunned Norah for the time. There comes one that stands forth in her memory again. A little group are gathered in the cosy dining-room, the scene of so many happy hours; there is a gentleman who tells her gently and with much pity in his pleasant voice that she is not only an orphan, but also a beggar.

There is nothing left for her—nothing but the remembrance of the past. While she stands silent, helpless, only half comprehending, Miss Johnson steps forward, pompous, large-nosed, with cruel blue eyes. She is Norah's great-aunt. Her white slave or companion happens to be just leaving her; and, if her penniless niece chooses to take her place, in return for her services Miss Johnson will give her a home. There is no mention of salary; with a home in the Close at Hasseford, under the very shadow of the Cathedral, it is considered that a girl can want nothing more. With scarcely a word from herself, Norah's fate is decided. She becomes Miss Johnson's bond-servant; and the bondage is Egyptian.

She has been at Hasseford two years. Overwhelmed by her great sorrow, petty tyranny and oppression in every terrible trivial form were little felt at first. But, as the months went on and the girl's youth began to reassert itself, with all its joyous instincts with all its warmth and ardor, its readiness to love and be loved, she looked for something on which to vent it—looked for sympathy, for happiness.

There were plenty of young people at Hasseford. They were civil and condescendingly polite to Miss Johnson's companion, at first even inviting her to their tea-parties. But Norah was pretty—more than pretty—beautiful—and the young people of Hasseford were not blind to the fact. A shiver ran through the ranks of the young ladies of the Close when they beheld her, a "rank outsider," a miserable companion, actually causing their sworn cavaliers to waver in their allegiance! What was she that she dared to poach—however unconsciously—on their sacred preserves?

The fiat went forth. Norah was dropped, amiably, politely. The fair Closites were not rude. When they met the intruder who had so innocently offended them, they merely passed by on the other side of the street. Once a year perhaps they even asked her to meet some old fogies, people who lived "in the town," outside the precincts of the Close, whom "one can't exactly cut, you know."

The girl is like a caged bird, bursting with life, piteous in its longing to fly, cramped, starved, thirsting for a drop from the sparkling cup of pleasure from which through the bars of its cage it watches others drink so freely.

A wicked ejaculation, uttered with emphasis, rouses Norah from her reverie. She almost excuses the offender as, looking out into the street, she discovers his woeful plight, of which she is unwittingly the cause. Aunt Johnson's red wool has rolled lightly out at the window, unwound itself, and become entangled about the well-shod feet of a gentleman who was walking quickly past without looking on the pavement on which he now lies. A little gurgling laugh and a faint expression of regret betray the author of the mishap leaning contrite but amused from the window. Fear of consequences supervenes.

"Please, please," she gasps, "don't make a noise! I am so sorry!"

As the young man—for he is both young and good-looking—slowly frees himself and arises dusty but unhurt, with Miss Johnson's knitting in his hand, and gazes up at the lovely face above him, all his anger evaporates, and he is anxious only to restore to the girl the damaged mass of crimson wool. The window is too high for him to hand it up, and he turns to the door.

"Do not knock," says Norah hastily; "my aunt is asleep! I will come down;" and, as she confronts him with blushing cheeks, she looks prettier than ever. "Oh, I hope you are not hurt?"

"Not at all, thanks! This has suffered most, I fear," says the stranger, a merry twinkle in his dark eyes.

"Oh, it doesn't matter! I can soon put it right!" Then with compunction. "Shall I call the servant? Would you like a clothes brush?"

"Is it so bad as that?"—and with a shrug he looks at his dusty clothes. "No—many thanks. I am close to my diggings; I will turn in and have a brush-up. It is all my own fault for not looking where I was going; but I assure you I am very glad I didn't;" and, to Norah's relief, he raises his hat and, with a polite "Good afternoon," proceeds on his way.

"I wonder what he meant?" the girl says to herself, as she creeps back to the drawing-room, and finds to her joy that Miss Johnson is still sleeping the sleep of the unjust.

She laughs softly as she repairs the damage to the knitting as best she can, and recalls to mind the well-favored appearance of the stranger, tall and slight, with beautiful eyes, dark and expressive, small, well-cut, almost feminine features, save the mouth, the full lips of which are shaded by a dark moustache. Norah is too young and innocent to judge as to whether they are truthful trustworthy eyes; she does not stop to think; truthful and candid herself, she doubts no one who is kind to her.

"He was so good-natured!" she muses. "Most people would have been cross and made a great fuss. I wish—I really wish I knew who he was!"

For the rest of the day Norah feels that something has happened, something pleasant; and the thought softens aunt Johnson's sharpest speeches.

* * * * * *

"Now, Norah, you quite understand? If there is any mistake, you will just have to go back again. And I have a great deal for you to do this morning. Jane wants you to help her to turn the spare room bed-furniture. There is an overcharge of three farthings in the butcher's book, and the last shoulder of mutton was much too fat. Tell him, if it occurs again, I shall deal with Curtis. Twopence-halfpenny is to come off the grocer's account; I am sure we never had that last pound of brown sugar he has entered. And, Norah be sure you bring the cutlets—one pound and a half—not an ounce more—not too fat, but not too lean; you know how I like them. He will try to charge you tenpence a pound, but refuse to pay more than ninepence. It is a great thing for him to have customers in the Close. You will be thankful to me all your life for having trained you in the great principles of economy; remember. 'Waste not, want not.'"

Norah departs, looking very neat and cool in her plain blue linen gown and straw hat, her market-basket on her arm. She gets her disagreeable errands over as quickly as possible. The butcher knows Miss Johnson, and, three farthings not being of as vital importance to him as to that lady, generously waives the point. The grocer, having more at stake, is harder to convince; but Norah's eyes and smile are not without their charm, and even his rapacious soul has its weak point.

Rejoicing in the bright sunshine, with light step the girl turns down a by-street, to stroll home by the river. It will be the only outing to-day, for the spare-room furniture is awaiting her hands at home; and she loves the river flowing so gently through the wide green meadows, where the rocks are always cawing in the big elm-trees and forget-me-nots and willow-herb grow at the edge of the stream. She loves to watch the happy people who go up and down it in boats, and longs herself—oh, so hard!—to be skimming lightly past in one of the long narrow skiffs that cut so gracefully through the water.

In the summer time Hasseford is a great resort of artists, who perch themselves along the banks on camp-stools, and sketch different bits of the lovely old Cathedral town. Norah, as she saunters past, finds amusement in watching their progress, and notes how far the different canvases have advanced since last she inspected them. But on this morning there is only one artist to be seen, and he is not on a camp stool, but lies lazily in a little boat under the bank, surrounded by all the paraphernalia of pencil and paints. This gentleman rises suddenly as Norah comes in sight, and, springing up the bank, raises his hat courteously.

"Good morning!" he begins eagerly; then, a little dazed by the girl's surprise at his greeting, he continues, "Is—is your aunt better?"

"My aunt is quite well, thank you," Norah answers gravely, but with the suspicion of a smile curving her lips; "she is not at all ill."

"Really? I feared from your anxiety that she should not be awakened yesterday that she was very ill." Then, as the girl is about to pass on with a bow—"I am trying to find a good point for a sketch; can you advise me at all? Which do you recommend me to choose—that bit of the palace over there, or the tower, with a glimpse of the river as a foreground?"

"I am sure you will know better than I," she answers; "I do not know anything about drawing, although I am very fond of pictures."

"Ah, then you will just give me your opinion of this? I took it yesterday morning from the Deanery garden."

Without positive rudeness Norah cannot refuse to look at the sketch that he hastens to fetch from the boat, and which even she can see at once is the work of a real artist.

"It is lovely!" she cries enthusiastically. "Nothing could be better! Oh, I wish I could draw!"

"I am sure you could if you tried. Perhaps, if I might presume, I could give you a few hints. I should be so delighted to be of any use!" the young man suggests.

"Oh, no—thank you very much! I should never have time," says Norah, mindful of her cutlets. "I must go in; I shall be late as it is, and Miss Johnson will be angry."

"Miss Johnson seems to be a very exacting lady. But perhaps I shall see you this afternoon at the Deanery? I believe there is a tennis-party going on."

"No," Norah answers coldly, walking rather fast—"no, I shall not be there; I do not know them."

"No? Oh, what a pity! I thought in a little place like this everybody knew everybody else."

"But, then, you see, you must be somebody to begin with," the girl says proudly, "and I am only Miss Johnson's companion, who is nobody—nobody at all; so of course I don't know anybody!"

"Then everybody is very much to be pitied—that's all I can say!"—and, if Norah's explanation has been anything of a shock to him, the artist does not show it. "But you won't include me with them, will you?" he continues, with no touch of impertinence, but with a certain soft ring in his voice which strikes gratefully on the girl's ear; and she has not the heart to rebuke him—would not have done so even if in her youth and inexperience she were quite aware how far he is presuming on an irregularly-made acquaintanceship. His are almost the only pleasant words she has heard in Hasseford.

"You certainly do not know me," she says, with a blush and a shy laugh, "so I cannot know you."

"I forget; you do not even know my name. Gerald Leigh—at your service—traveling artist by profession—that is, just at the present moment. I am wasting some time moving about, and, having introductions here to some old friends of my people, I have put up for a day or two. But I don't know now how long I shall stay; the place is much prettier than I expected."

"Hasseford is at its best in the summer time. Good morning, Mr. Leigh!" says Norah, tripping up the steps of Miss Johnson's prison-like dwelling without reciprocating her companion's self-introduction.

"I shall soon find out," he says to himself, as he returns to the river. "She is lovelier even than I thought at first."

In the afternoon, seated at the window listening, as usual, to Miss Johnson's refrain, Norah watches "everybody" driving or walking past to the party at the Deanery, and, while she unravels seam after seam of dirty dusty cretonne, on the still summer air merry voices and gay laughter reach little Cinderella's ears, and the tears gather in the deep gray eyes.

"It seems so hard—so hard!"

There is a passionate desire in the girl's heart for life and enjoyment; and already, all unsuspecting, she has tasted the apple of knowledge.

Norah's next two days—lovely hot summer days—are, without even the diversion of a visit to the butcher, spent in stitching, measuring, hammering tin-tacks, perched on a pair of high steps, until that relic of barbarism, a four-post bedstead, is entirely hung with drab cretonne.

Once or twice the girl cools her hot cheeks at the window; once she catches sight of Gerald Leigh escorting some young ladies from the Deanery through the Close. She draws in her head quickly as he turns his eyes towards the house. A little pang shoots through her heart. Why—oh, why is her life so different from the lives of other girls of her age? Why are the sweets and bitters so unequally divided?

As she returns to her work, Norah catches a glimpse of her face in the glass. Flushed, tired, untidy, with tumbled hair, she contrasts her appearance sadly with that of the neat well-dressed Misses Brown.

"I am twenty years old," she says, "and perhaps I shall live till I am as old as aunt Johnson, and my life will always be a wearisome bondage. I shall watch other people enjoy themselves. If only some one loved me, I should not mind; but there is no one—no one at all!" And great tears roll down her cheeks unchecked.

"'Tis a shame, Miss Norah dear—a shame!" cries her good-natured coadjutor Ann, whose heart she has long since won by her patient sweetness under oppression. "But never mind—we'll work hard this evening, and to-morrow you shall have a walk."

But the morrow finds Miss Johnson in anything but a pleasant mood. In dusting the drawing-room Norah has the ill-luck to break a cracked blue tea-cup.

"It had been in our family for years, you ungrateful girl!" laments Miss Johnson, refusing to be comforted; and she pours a flood of abuse on the poor child's head.

Then the butcher sends an ounce too much fat, the grocer's parcel is a shade under weight, and altogether, by the time she can crawl away to bed, Norah has undergone almost more than she can bear. When, at last, the next evening she manages to escape for a breath of fresh air,

her whole being is filled with indignant revolt against the conditions of her life. She is ready to clutch at any means of brightening them.

She takes her usual stroll by the water. Gerald Leigh has chosen the same time to wander there also. When, his whole face lighting up with joy as she comes towards him, he eagerly advances to greet her, she asks herself why she would be stiff and silly, and reject the first piece of good fortune the gods have put in her way just because, forsooth, they have not been formally introduced? Is it not enough that he is a gentleman, a friend of the Dean?

"I was wondering what had become of you," he says—and his soft caressing tone and the look with which his dark eyes meet hers are wonderfully consoling to the girl's sore heart. For three whole days I have waited about here, but you never come. I thought you liked the river?"—reproachfully.

"Not for three whole days," she corrects him archly; "you were in the Close on Thursday."

"Did you see me? I thought I caught a glimpse of you once at a window, but you would not look out."

"You were with the Misses Brown."

"Oh, that day! I had been to leave a duty card, and they collared and made me go out with them. What shrill voices they have!"

He has a very pleasant one himself, and no lack of conversation, for he has traveled much, and, as they ramble together along the banks, more than once the gay laugh so seldom heard now breaks from Norah's lips and her eyes shine with interest. She is as a flower drinking in the sunshine after battling with cruel blasts and storms; and Gerald Leigh has been reckoned irresistible by ladies far more sophisticated than she. For once he is not playing; the artist side of his nature is charmed with the pretty dark-haired maiden; the seclusion in which she lives, the difficulty in meeting her often enhances the charm. Norah has met no men of the world, with their nameless fascination of manner, which he possesses in a high degree. The time passes very quickly. She is quite surprised when the Cathedral clock booms out the hour and warns her to hurry away like Cinderella of old. It is to dream that night of a pair of dark eyes, of soft sympathetic tones; and, when she awakes, she braces herself for the troubles of the day with the thought that, after all, life is not all weariness and worry—the clouds have begun to lighten, she has found a friend.

For the next few days Norah never goes out on her little errands without encountering Gerald Leigh; he is buying fruit in the market, or sketching by the river, or reading the papers at the library where she changes Miss Johnson's books; and he always seems quite surprised to meet her, they always exchange a word or two, and often he walks along by her side.

Gradually a brighter look comes into the girl's face, her footstep is light, she sings softly to herself as she runs up and down stairs; even her aunt's harsh "Hold your tongue!" has lost its depressing force.

Miss Johnson herself has been preoccupied lately, and she makes many calculations on paper and is less inclined to chide than usual. One morning she bids Norah put down the newspaper from which she has been reading and begins solemnly—

"I have something to tell you. Barnes says the house must be painted this year; and I have at last succeeded in greatly lowering his estimate for the work, and propose to have it done at once. I have therefore accepted an invitation from a friend to spend a fortnight with her at the seaside."

Norah's heart sinks, though at any other time she would have hailed with the utmost delight the prospect of a change to the sea. Her spirits rise again as her aunt proceeds.

"You will remain here. I shall leave you plenty of occupation. I wish all the linen sorted and mended and the china washed; but I will write down directions. You can also help Ann to clean the rooms. Hard work hurts no one, and I can't afford to feed and clothe people for nothing."

Norah scarcely hears anything but her aunt's statement that she is going alone. Oh, joy! Liberty, sweet liberty will be hers! For fourteen whole days she will be free! Work she does not mind—she would slave all day willingly for a word of love—but to have no harsh scolding voice continually upbraiding her will be bliss indeed.

Not until she has actually seen Miss Johnson into the train, listened to a variety of last injunctions, and watched the engine steam out of the station, does Norah believe in her aunt's departure. Three times was everything taken out again, when qualms as to the wisdom of leaving the house to be invaded by workmen without her personal supervision seized the lady, only to be quieted by Ann's fervent protestations and promises to watch them all day. Everything of value has been locked up, one much-worn electro-plated fork and spoon being left out for Norah, who is now executing a war-dance round the dining-room for the edification of honest Ann.

"It is a shame, miss!" says the servant. "It's too bad, when you slave all day for no thanks, not to take you to the sea too, but leave you here all alone!"

"Alone?" cries Norah. "Why, Ann, it is lovely—splendid! I have not been so happy for two years! I shall be able to go out as much as I like. Oh, how I wish she were gone for months!"

Her days however are not to be all holidays. There are rooms to clear, dusting-sheets to spread, everything to be got ready for the painters.

It is evening before she is able to go out for a walk, but now she trips along joyously, a smile on her face, a heavy weight lifted from her young shoulders. She is too happy even to see Mr. Leigh until he speaks to her.

"Good evening, Miss Burleigh!" he says, less placidly than usual. "I was afraid you were going to cut me. Have you had any good news? You look radiant."

"Aunt Johnson is gone—she has gone for a whole fortnight!" cries Norah. "I feel as if it could not be true—as if she must come back to-morrow!"

"Heaven forbid! Well, this is good news indeed!" He seems quite relieved. "At last we will make hay while the sun shines. Now you will not always disappear when the clock strikes, like Cinderella. We will go for a row and hear the nightingales. Come—here is the boat!"

Norah hesitates for one moment only. The evening is so pleasant, the river flows so temptingly at her feet, the little boat rocks gently by the bank. She is soon seated in the stern; Gerald Leigh takes the sculls, and they glide gently down the stream, while the setting sun colors the water with its crimson light. No sound breaks the stillness save the splash of the sculls and the ripple of the water against the keel.

Gerald Leigh's eyes are fixed on his companion's face with a gleam of triumph, of possession; he takes in every line of the girl's beauty. She looks up in surprise hearing the quiver in his voice when he speaks.

"Our time has come at last—hasn't it? You like this? You are happy out here with me, Norah?" he adds hoarsely.

"Like it? Of course I do!" she answers, not understanding. "I have always envied the people who could row about! Oh, it is lovely, delicious! It is so kind of you to take me out!"

"Kind?" he exclaims, then pauses, afraid to startle her yet. "The kindness is the other way! We will have a nice long day on the river to-morrow. There is a big Primrose League affair going on at Hasten Park, and, while every one is over there, I will row you down to Carlton Woods. We will start early and take luncheon. I'll see to that."

It is a delightful programme; but Norah does not accept at once.

"I wonder if it would be quite right for me to go?" she says. "What would aunt Johnson say?"

"What she liked! 'When the cat's away, the mice will play.' How could it be anything but right? Surely"—tenderly and reproachfully—"you are not afraid to trust yourself with me?"

"Oh, indeed, no; I had not thought of that! I should like it very much," says the girl. And then from a copse near by there comes a glorious melody. Norah listens, entranced; it is the first nightingale she has ever heard. She feels very happy; she has found enjoyment at last.

Faithful Ann is at the door when she reaches home, flushed, gay, with eyes as bright as the stars in the heavens.

"Am I very late, Ann? Oh, I have been so happy? I have been on the river."

The good woman looks at her keenly.

"I'm glad; it's right you should have a little pleasure at last," she says heartily. "I thought maybe you'd come in hungry, so I've kept you a nice bit of supper, for, for all Miss Johnson did say about keeping the bills low and that, folks must eat; and I reckon she ain't starving where she is!"

"I suppose not," says Norah, with a lively recollection of aunt Johnson's capabilities in that respect. But, as for herself, she cannot eat—she is too excited; and Jane's little supper goes out again untouched.

Then the girl hurries up to her attic, and from the recesses of her trunk produces a white frock, which has not seen the light since she came to Hasseford—for Miss Johnson allows no "finery" or laundresses' bills. With the help of Jane's hot iron and with a few alterations here and there, the frock is made quite presentable; and a sailor-hat is also brought out and is furnished with a new ribbon. Then Norah spreads out her little finery to be ready the next morning, and the last thing at night puts her hand out into the cool evening air to inspect the sky. No child looking forward to a promised treat could be more anxious for the hours to pass, for the morrow to dawn fine. Again and again she gets out of bed to see what aspect the clouds have—ah, there have been so many clouds in her life! Day is already breaking before she falls asleep at last, and the sun is pouring into her room as she wakes, to find Ann standing by her bed side, a big bunch of red and white roses in her hand.

Norah loves flowers, dewy roses best of all. She buries her blushing face in them now. How sweet and fresh they are; and, oh, how nice of the one—it can be but one person—to send them! A glance through the open window assures her that it is "a day to make one glad." The clock on the stairs outside strikes nine. Oh, there is not long to wait now!

But how the hours creep—how slowly the hands go round! Norah walks restlessly through the disordered rooms, unable to settle down to any of the numerous tasks Miss Johnson has left her. Happiness is so new—she can scarcely believe that it will not escape her even now. Horrible fears assail her. What if Miss Johnson should suddenly reappear? She trembles as a carriage rattles up the street en route for the Primrose fete; but she envies no pleasure-seekers to-day. Is she herself not also to enjoy it?

At the Cathedral the chimes give out the half-hour after ten. Now with decency she may begin to dress. In a quarter of an hour she is ready, impatient, and quivering with excitement. Ten long minutes more, and then to Gerald Leigh, standing expectant by his well-provisioned boat, there comes a slim white-robed girl, with a bunch of crimson roses nestling in the lace at her throat.

"At last!" he cried eagerly, helping her into the stern-seat, on which there are soft crimson cushions. "I began to think you were going to play me false. You are so late!"

"Late?" she echoes indignantly. "Why, I was quite ashamed to be so punctual; it is only striking eleven now! And why should you suspect me of not keeping my word?"

"Forgive me; it was only that I was so anxious, dear!"—and the last word is uttered in a low caressing tone, almost as if it were not meant for her to hear. "I have been waiting since ten. I was afraid that old cat might have turned up again to stop you!"

"But I had promised," says the girl gravely, forgetting her own fears. "'False' is not a nice word."

He looks at her strangely—at the clear gray eyes, so full of truth and trust.

"Don't be angry; don't spoil our little day together! I did not mean it. No one could look at you and doubt you."

And the little cloud passes; and in the golden sunlight they glide softly down the stream, past the broad meadows where the cattle graze so peacefully, past others where the hay is cut and piled in sweet-scented ricks, while the smoke from a cottage here and there curls slowly up against the clear blue sky, and the birds in the tree-tops chirp joyously. By-and-by they come to cool shadowy woods where the pigeons are gently cooing. Into Norah's heart has come an intense joy; love has filled it with unutterable bliss.

The little boat is drawn up to the bank, and under the trees Gerald Leigh unpacks his hampers, bringing to light all manner of dainties, from champagne to strawberries and cream.

It is a happy day they spend together and the old, old story is told.

"I loved you, Norah the first day I saw you at the window; I love you now, and shall love you always till I die!" is what he says, fervently, passionately; and for the moment it is true.

But with her, for all time, for eternity is the gift—the gift of gold for tinsel. The love that has been so long imprisoned is poured forth freely at his feet. What is she that he should stoop to love her—he so good, so noble, so clever, a king among men? But at least she is good to look upon, she has beauty with which to charm his eyes; for his sake she rejoices in her fairness.

The nightingales sing again as they row home—very slowly, for it is against the stream. The evening shadows lie cool over the water; in Norah's hands is a little bunch of forget-me-nots, and Gerald wears one like it in his button-hole.

Very tenderly he wraps his coat round her shoulders. Oh, how good it is to be cared for—how sweet is his protecting touch! Never again will she be lonely.

That night Norah falls upon her knees before the window, and, looking out at the stars, thanks Heaven for her joy.

"Ann, I am so happy!" she cries, throwing her arms round the domestic's neck. She loves every one; even aunt Johnson comes in for a share.

And all night she lies awake, too happy to sleep, hugging her bliss, not eager for the dawn. Over and over again she lives every moment of the past day.

Miss Johnson stays away three weeks; and to Norah and Gerald Leigh the days slip away with terrible swiftness, for for the greater part of these days they are together. He takes her for drives into the country, for long rows on the river; he teaches her to draw, to love, to be happy. No doubts cross the girl's mind; she has no one to tell her whether she is doing right or not. If her lover talks little of marriage, he dwells on the beautiful countries they will visit together, and speaks of the little cottage by the Thames where they will live some day.

"And will your parents like me, do you think," she asks shyly one day—"and your sister?"

"Of course, of course," he answers quickly; "who could do anything else?"

"I wonder what aunt Johnson will say when she comes home?"

His brow clouds a little.

"There will be no need for her to say anything just yet; we have known each other only a short time—let us keep our secret a little longer."

"Oh, Gerald, must we? Then I shall not be able to see you; and I do not want to deceive aunt Johnson."

"My good little darling, you would not deceive any one, I know! It shall not be for long that I shall want you to keep it quiet; I wish——" And he sighs heavily.

It is a dull day, close and oppressive; there are indications of a coming storm. A mist hangs over the river; everything is gray. Perhaps this is why Norah's heart is not quite so light as usual; and he too seems a little dull, thoughtful.

"What is it, Gerald?" she asks anxiously, as he remains silent. "Are you not well? Is anything troubling you?"

"Only the thought of not seeing you for a day or two, my own. I meant to tell you before, but put it off. My people are becoming impatient at my staying here so long. They have the house full at home and want me. You see, I stopped here on my way only for a few days' sketching; and I am afraid it may set them against you if I tell them the real reason why I cannot bear to tear myself away. The governor might turn crusty and cut off the supplies."

"Oh, Gerald, don't quarrel with them on my account! If your father wants you, of course you must go, I suppose." She sighs a little. "You will not be very long away?"

"Of course not! By-the-bye, darling"—he turns my face aside as he flicks the ashes from his cigar—"has that old aunt of yours any other relatives? If not, I suppose her tin will come to you some day? She must have some somewhere."

"Oh, no, it won't! She has told me often that I should have to earn my own living; she has sunk all her money in a life-annuity."

"Selfish old hag!" he cries vindictively; and the angry scowl on his face quite startles Norah. "Such a thing shouldn't be allowed!"

"Gerald," she says, with a painful flush on her cheeks, a slight tremor in her voice, "I shall always be poor. You—you would not love me better if I were rich?"

"Nonsense, child! I couldn't love you better than I do. But at the same time this is an age of common sense, and one can't lose sight altogether of ways and means. I confess it would have been easier for me to go to the pater and say that——"

"That you were not going to marry a beggar?" cries the girl, tears starting to her eyes.

"Well, you see, the fact is, I'm quite dependent on him. I've never stuck to anything. I've always been a rolling stone, and the pater's getting tired of it."

"But, when you are a greater painter, he will be proud."

"That's a long way off; sometimes I think I shall never do anything. But let us talk of something else. It's a nasty depressing day, and we have not many days left; don't let us spoil them."

But, though they try to dismiss the subject, the conversation leaves a shadow on their minds; the clouds have begun to gather over the bright sunshine. Norah shivers once or twice as they walk home.

"As long as we love each other," she says, "it won't matter much if we are not very rich, will it? And I am sure you will stick to painting, Gerald—you love it so."

And he kisses and fondles her, and vows he does not "care a hang" whether they have a halfpenny or not, so long as they have each other.

The rain comes down heavily that night, after a month's fine weather, and it pours steadily all the next day. The meadows are soaked, the water stands in pools, the garden is strewn with petals from the drowned roses. Everything is damp and dreary; and in two days Miss Johnson is to return.

On this wet day the lovers do not meet. The next morning Norah awakes with a feeling of oppression, of coming trouble. Jane brings her a letter.

A letter—her first love-letter! Little notes have come and gone; but this is something more. The girl feels quite cheery again as she breaks the seal. This is what she reads -

"My darling—always my darling! I shall always think of you as that, even if we never meet again! Oh, Norah, can you ever forgive me? Fate has been horribly cruel to us both. Long before I met you I was bound to some one else. Ever since I saw your sweet face the thought of my engagement has been gall and wormwood to me. Some meddling gossip has been writing home spiteful accounts of our meetings. If I do not return at once and fulfil my promise, my father threatens to cut me off altogether: and I know he will keep his word. What can I do? I cannot drag you down with me to absolute poverty, and it will be years before I shall be able to make anything as an artist. Oh, Norah, forgive me, and, if you do not forget me quite, think kindly of our happy days and of "Your loving

"GERALD LEIGH."

The letter falls from her hands; she lets it lie at her feet. With great dilated eyes, with a strange numbness at her heart, she remains for a few moments paralysed. Suddenly a cry bursts from her lips.

"Oh, it can't be true—oh, Heaven, say it is not true!"—and she falls upon her knees before the bed in a very passion of prayer.

She does not cry; no such relief comes to her. By-and-by she walks in her misery up and down the little room, conscious of nothing but the fierce pain which has come never to leave her again.

"Oh, it is hard, hard!" she moans. "What have I done to suffer so? Why was he sent here at all? Why did I ever see him? Oh, Gerald, Gerald! That he, whom I loved so well, should be so false, so cowardly—this is worst of all!"

How the day drags on the girl does not know. Somehow the hours pass. Now she is stunned by the blow that has fallen; then she recovers again, realizes it, and writhes in the bitterness of despair.

As she sits drearily by the window watching the still pouring rain, a fly laden with luggage drives up to the door, and from it steps a well-known form.

"Yes—I have come home sooner than I expected," a shrill voice is saying in response to Jane's amazed greeting—"and time, too, from all I hear! There have been fine doings here! Well, miss, and what have you to say for yourself, you wicked, wretched girl? You do not stay in my house another night! Miss Brown tells me you are the talk of the town!"

Norah stands like one dazed, thunderstruck, as Miss Johnson pours out a torrent of abuse which the girl scarcely understands. Evidently Mr. Leigh's correspondent has also communicated with Miss Johnson on the iniquities of her companion.

For a while the girl listens silently, letting the torrent have its way; but at last, stung almost to madness by all she has gone through, she cries—

"Be silent; do not dare to speak another word! I have done no harm—no harm at all—and I myself meant to tell you all that has happened. But now I will never speak to you again—never—save to tell you that, had I been as wicked as you say, you—you would be to blame! What have you ever done for me? All the time I have worked for you without reward, have you ever given me one word of kindness? That would have cost nothing. Is it strange that I believed the only person who showed me any kindness, who did not treat me as an outcast? Is it strange that I loved him when he loved me? And he did love me! I know it! You cannot take away that!"

The accusation goes home; Miss Johnson positively cowers before the unexpected accuser. And out into the fast-gathering darkness, bareheaded, through the mist and rain, there rushes a slightly-clad figure. Instinctively the girl takes the path by the river, on, on, over the wet grass she flies in her thin shoes, feeling a fierce delight in the rain as it beats down upon her streaming hair and hot cheeks. Anywhere, anywhere, she cares not where she goes, so that it is away from those cruel taunts, those viler words, from the scene of her misery! And the mist thickens, the clouds grow darker and darker, and still she runs on by the river, swollen by the rain, flowing along with great rapidity. She proceeds for miles before her limbs give way under her. She slips down upon the bank; and at last comes the relief of a storm of tears. It is not of Gerald Leigh that she thinks most as she sits on the drenched grass by the rushing current, but of the young mother and father who left her so early to battle with life among strangers.

"Oh, I cannot live without you? Oh, mother, mother! Oh, why did you die and not take me with you? Oh, mother, mother!"

After a while she tries to rise, but it is only to sink back once more upon her wet couch. By-and-by the storm of passion spends itself, a strange peace and drowsiness steal over her, the weary eyes close.

The next morning golden sunshine glitters radiantly over a vast expanse of water. The river has overrun its banks and covered the low-lying meadows; and in the stream she loved so well Norah—beautiful Norah—lies at rest at last.

* * * * * *

Gerald Leigh, R.A., if not a great artist, is at least a very fashionable one, with more commissions than he has time to execute, especially from the fair sex. If there are occasions when the thought of Norah's fate stings him with remorse, at least to outward appearance his life with his wealthy wife is fair and prosperous, unshadowed by trouble.

PHONOGRAPHS FOR THE KANAKAS.—When one of the Australian Squadron was patrolling the South Seas lately she came up with a very nice-looking sailing vessel, and one of her officers boarded the stranger. She proved to be a colonial-owned craft, engaged in recruiting kanakas for the Queensland plantations. He was told that before the vessel left Queensland the captain visited some of the sugar plantations where South Seas Islanders are employed. He took a camera and a phonograph, and with these went to business photographing groups of natives on the plantations, also taking individual pictures of well-known natives from the New Hebrides, and others from the Solomon Group. Edison's invention was then brought into service, the best known of the natives, especially those who have relatives and friends in the islands, being asked to speak into the phonograph anything they would like to tell their friends. Large numbers of these phonographed letters were procured, giving accounts of what sort of life the kanakas were having on the plantations and any other news that would interest the "old folks at home" at Malicollo, Ambrym, San Christoval, Malaita, or other islands, as the case might be. After securing a good supply the ingenious shipmaster sailed for the islands, and when last seen was astonishing the natives. Many of the photos he had transferred to glass for use with limelight, and with the photos and the phonograph he was in a position to give such an ocular exhibition of life on a plantation that fairly changed the native doubts into an enthusiastic desire to emigrate; not only so, but at the limelight show he would produce a full-sized picture of an absent friend, a native who was well known at the island at which he happened to be, and, to the amusement of his dusky audience, would make him speak words of greeting from his plantation home in Bundaberg—a thousand miles away. If any misgivings were felt before the phonograph was produced, that bewitched machine dispelled them by making the limelight figure of their friend address them in their own tongue, and in the same voice that they knew so well when he dwelt amongst them. Needless to say, the phonograph has proved a valuable recruiting accessory.

ORIGIN OF "STRIKE."—An early use of the word "strike" occurs in the London Chronicle for 1765. In the September of that year are numerous references to a great suspension of labor in the northern coal field, and the colliers are stated to have "struck out" for a higher bounty before entering into their usual yearly "bond." In confirmation of Mr. Leaton-Blenkinsopp's statement at the last reference, it may be added that the strike is twice called a "stick."—London Chronicle, October 7, 10. One of Harriet Martineau's earliest pamphlets was a tract entitled "The Tendency of Strikes and Sticks to Produce Low Wages," published at Durham in 1834. The time-honored illustration of profitless labor, "carrying coals to Newcastle," probably received its first slap in the face during the strike of 1765. A paragraph, dated Newcastle, September 28th, in the London Chronicle, says: "'Tis very remarkable that, on Wednesdays, several pokes of coals were brought from Durham to this town by one of the common carriers and sold on the sand hill for 9d. a poke, by which he cleared 6d. a poke."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A vivid illustration of how intense mental excitement may serve to obscure the sense of physical suffering was given in the effects of the recent strike excitement in Chicago upon many invalids of that city. A Chicago doctor says that in a number of instances persons on the verge of death became so excited over the labor troubles that the physical weakness was overcome, and they are now in a convalescent condition. A newspaper reporter who had long been a victim of rheumatism lost all sense of the disease in his excitement, and has been very alert and active ever since.

The practice of some people of cooling off their houses in the heat of summer by the use of hand hose is not beneficial to brick buildings and is decidedly injurious to wooden ones. The clapboards are laid to prevent the entrance of descending rain, but a continuous ascending stream will force its way under a clapboard that is not absolutely tight, and, entering the wall, do no little mischief. The cooler the house becomes by such a process the more apparent the injury. It is especially destructive to old houses. Some parties who had a hose constantly playing upon their roofs in hot weather soon discovered that it was an expensive luxury and abandoned the practice.

"Tea drinking among men has all at once excited discussion. But it does not appear to be known," says a contemporary, "that nearly all men of literary habits who exhaust nerve force take to tea drinking. Edwin Booth used to have a pot of tea simmering in his stage dressing room. Preachers, orators and lawyers find a cup of strong tea the gentlest and most harmless of brain bracers, and it has no reaction. The reason why young men affect to despise tea drinking is that they associate it with declining power and old women. But the truth is that tea, if of a pure kind and properly 'drawn,' is about as innocuous and pleasant a stimulant as a young man can resort to after a long worry or a drain of emotional or intellectual force."

One of the most valuable discoveries in mental therapeutics has just been made at the Friedenheim Hospital, Germany, in the "mantelpiece striking clock." The inventor claims as the result of a multitude of experiments, to be able to control the appetite, nausea and even spirits of a patient by means of medicine prescribed according to this clock. The striking of the hour seems to exercise an inhibitory power over even the vomiting centre in the medulla. This is a surprisingly new argument in favor of mind cure, and lends added force to the protest of a female physician of this State, who took her brother practitioners to task at the last convention for their apathy to this rising department of the art of healing.

"The Sierra Madre Mountains, so often called the Alps of America, have been scaled times without number, at the cost of great effort and fatigue, for the sake of the wonderful scenic views to be obtained," writes a correspondent, "but until now they have lacked that feature which attracts so many people in Europe every year—the mountain railway. To-day the veriest invalid may glide into Rubio canyon on an electric car, be transferred to a double-tracked cable road, and carried up the mountain side at a grade of 62 per cent.—the steepest in the world—without the slightest exertion. The system is one of balanced cars and safety appliances, and is operated, with a stationary electric motor, by power obtained from an adjacent waterfall."

The very announcement that the average expenses of the four years' course have been $1528 will of itself make Yale seem "out of the question" to hundreds of families where studious boys are now preparing for college. Then, too, there is the natural resentment of a democracy against classifying men according to their money, which seems most odious of all in the case of an educational institution. The boy is not to be severely condemned who decides against going to a college where poverty makes him conspicuous, and he fancies injures his standing among his fellows. If any of our colleges come to be distinctively rich men's colleges they will cease to draw the element which in the past has done most to make their list of alumni honorable and distinguished.

Novelist Walter Besant is credited with the authorship of these somewhat cynical views of life as it is lived: "Out of ten men nine are born to work for the tenth. Resolve to be the tenth. Without tramp-

ling the cleverest cannot get rich. The consolation of those who fail is to depreciate those who succeed. The greatest things are done by the greatest fools. Wise men never attempt anything. When you lose a leg begin at once to practise with a wooden one. Men's motives are mercifully hidden by their shirt fronts. Observe moderation in all things—especially in virtues. The best way to make a man honest is to make him ashamed of being found out. There may be pride even in confessing mistakes. Everybody says that gentle birth is an accident, and everybody treats it as an achievement. The most charming attribute of friendship is the right of candor."

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low-Neck Dressing, Water Cures, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

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The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Co. will sell round trip excursion tickets to Denver, Col. from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River, August 8th, 9th and 10th, valid for return passage on trains leaving Denver August 19th, 25th and September 13th.

The rate from New York will be $47.75; Philadelphia, $47.75; Baltimore, $47.40; Washington, $47.40, and correspondingly low rates from all other points.

Passengers taking the B. & O. have a choice of routes, going via Pittsburg, Akron and Chicago; via Grafton, Bellaire and Chicago, or via Parkersburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis; double daily service of express trains, with Pullman sleeping and dining cars on all routes.

For more detailed information, address James Potter, D. P. A., Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENTS

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Our Young Folks.

GEORGE AND THE PRIZE.

BY E. E. C.

THERE were three beautiful houses just one mile from the little town of Wraxter, so close together that the garden-grounds joined, and there lived three brothers, John, Edward and Herbert Maxwell.

In course of time they all married, and so it came about that ever so many small cousins ran in and out, and played together, like one large family, until five boys were old enough for lessons, and then their fathers agreed that a tutor should be engaged and they should study together.

A nice school-room was prepared, with plenty of books and maps, and a kindly elderly gentleman came to sit at the high desk, and set the children to work; but they had led such a free life that it was hard to settle down, and Mr. Grahame had no easy task with them.

After a while he thought that it would be a good plan to offer a prize to the best pupil and most careful learner in the little school.

The boys were pleased with the idea, and all three families made up their minds to have a great party on the day when the prize was given, each mother hoping her child would win it.

Now, as weeks passed, everyone saw that the race was really between two boys only, George and Jamie Maxwell, for the others grew lazy and ceased to work at all hard. George really tried to be good, but he was such a lively little fellow that his wild spirits would burst out too often, and Mr. Grahame had forgotten how to laugh himself, and did not care for jokes. Jamie pleased him better, because Jamie had found out how to peep over the book when saying his lessons, and so get through them easily: George would never have tried such a mean trick.

His mother had begged him to do his very best, and he promised to please her, so that even Mr. Grahame had no faults to find for a long time, and as the great day drew near George grew happier, for everyone said that the prize would be his.

One morning, the last morning of lessons, George found it harder than usual to keep quiet, the sun shone so brightly, and his feet seemed full of fidgets. At last Mr. Grahame grew tired with so many mischievous boys round him, and allowed the small ones to go out for half an hour's run, while George and Jamie finished their sums. Then he covered his head with his red silk handkerchief, and lay back comfortably in his arm chair.

He did not think he had been asleep, oh no! but when he opened his eyes he saw George standing a little way off, with a look that was half afraid and half delighted, his slate in his hand.

Mr Grahame tried to be very wide awake indeed, and took the slate before George knew his hand was upon it, and there, lo and behold! was no neatly finished sum, but such a funny picture of himself, with a big fly just lighting on his nose, which looked large enough to be a handle to lift up his face by.

Now Mr. Grahame was proud of his nose, which someone had told him was like the Duke of Wellington's, and of course he was very angry.

"George, you are incorrigible," he said; and though George did not understand the word it sounded dreadful. "Go to my room, and finish the sum I set you; if it is not done by twelve o'clock you lose all chance of the prize, remember."

Poor George was quite subdued, and left the slate with the completed sum on his master's table in a few minutes. Then his mother called him, and he ran away with her, pretty sure that he would prove the King of the Party after all.

But Jamie was determined to spoil his cousin's chance, and when all was quiet he stole up to Mr. Grahame's room, and played cruel tricks with the slate, for he altered some figures cunningly, so as to make them wrong; and finding that traces of George's picture remained on the other side he went carefully over them with the pencil until the nose looked worse than ever.

Then, leaving the picture uppermost he ran away softly, laughing at his own cleverness.

No one wondered that Mr. Grahame refused to forgive such impertinence, and no one could doubt that was the sinner, so he was in terrible disgrace, and spent the day of the party in his room, grieving over the prize, and yet more troubled because of his mother's disappointment. He was so confused between the picture he had drawn and the one which he had not, that he did not try to excuse himself, and of course Jamie enjoyed his triumph, and said nothing.

Indeed, George never knew how it had been until nearly twenty years after, when he and his cousin stood together in South Africa fighting the Zulus. They were hard pressed by the black men, and one of them pierced Jamie's side so that he fell back wounded. A company of soldiers were coming to help them, and the little band fell back towards them, but George would not leave his cousin, and managed to get him on his shoulders and fight his way backward, bidding Jamie hold on bravely. It was a horrible ten minutes that passed then, for George could not hurry, and the Zulus could, so it seemed that both lives would be lost; but just at the last moment the English soldiers rushed up, and they were saved.

"I never in my life saw a braver deed," cried the captain warmly to George; but George only felt that he had tried to do his duty, and was never tired of watching over his cousin until the wound healed.

One evening when Jamie woke from a quiet sleep and saw George sitting patiently by his side, he held his hand and drew him closer.

"George, old boy, you are too good to me; I can't be easy when I think of a shabby trick I played you once."

Then he told the whole story of the slate, while George listened, wondering; but I think that two cousins knew each other better that evening than ever before, and there was no more anger left in George's mind than there was trace of Mr. Grahame's queer nose on the slate when the sponge had passed over it.

And no one ever heard of Jamie's doing a mean thing again after that day when George blotted out the past.

WHO STOLE THE FISH?

BY K. K. V.

THERE were two of them, a pair of plump white soles, laid out upon a blue china dish on the kitchen dresser. Jane had gone to shut the door after the fishmonger's boy, and, of course, Ginger, the big yellow cat, took the opportunity to inspect the fish

He did not touch them—oh no; his mistress often said she could trust Ginger anywhere, for he had never been a thief; besides, what was the use? Jane would be back before he could swallow the first mouthful. Ginger got down from the dresser with a great sigh, and was sitting blinking thoughtfully at the fire when Jane appeared.

"There's company for supper to-night," he remarked to the rusty grey cat next door, when he went out for a stroll, later on.

"Indeed?" said the gray cat politely, "and is there a nice supper?"

"Pretty fair—two soles."

"Ah! I wish my people would have company now and again. They buy nothing but herrings; I'm tired of herrings."

"I daresay"—Ginger glanced down at his neighbor rather scornfully. "We never have anything of that kind, nothing lower than whiting: now I don't suppose you ever saw soles like these."

The gray cat shook his head sadly; then he brightened up with a sudden idea: "you might give me a look at them. Do they allow you to go into your pantry?"

"Allow me? I should think so. I should like to see them locking it in my house."

"They always do it in my house."

"Oh, that's quite a different story: they know I'm to be trusted. Mia-ow-ow-ow."

"Jane!" The parlor window was suddenly thrown up, and Miss Elizabeth put out her head. "Jane, there is Ginger quarreling with that disreputable cat again; chase it away, and bring him in. It really is troublesome of him associating with quite common cats in this way."

* * * * * *

"Hist-sh—is she safe out of the way?" Ginger opened his eyes and looked round wrathfully; he was just losing himself in a delightful dream of roast canary. It was afternoon now; Miss Elizabeth and Jane had also had theirs. Miss Elizabeth had gone out to pay visits, Jane was up in her own room writing letters to her cousin—the gray cat might have guessed as much, for he vaulted lightly over the wall and landed within a foot of Ginger's reclining-place.

"Well, what do you want?" demanded Ginger, not too civilly.

"Oh, nothing particular; I was passing, so I just stopped to apologize for my rudeness this morning. I assure you, I have not been able to eat one morsel of dinner for thinking of it."

"Don't mention it," returned Ginger, stifling a wide yawn, "perhaps you'd better be going. Miss Elizabeth doesn't approve of low society for me."

"I'm just going, but you know you promised to give me a look at the company's fish."

"I didn't."

"Oh, they are locked up then; I thought so."

"They are not," protested Ginger, "at least, the pantry ventilator is open, and I can get in quite easily if I want."

"Perhaps the soles aren't quite fresh," suggested the gray cat doubtfully; "I heard the herring woman saying it was dreadful weather for keeping fish."

"Our fish is always fresh," was the indignant retort; "why, you can smell them from here."

"I've got a cold in my nose: let us go and sniff at the ventilator."

The gray cat was evidently unconvinced. Ginger got up with much dignity, and led the way in at the open scullery door; thence a jump to the top of the window-ledge showed the ventilator close at hand.

"There, you can see for yourself," he said, with a sweeping flourish of his bushy tail; "not fresh indeed!"

The gray cat was thin and active; he peered into the ventilator, with great attention for an instant, the next he gathered himself up for a spring and disappeared inside altogether.

"You low, miserable thief," panted Ginger, understanding the whole plot at last, when it was too late; "if you don't come out this minute, I'll go right away and bring Miss Elizabeth."

"Don't trouble yourself, my dear fellow; I saw Miss Elizabeth go down the street before I came to apologize. You were right about the fish after all; it is perfectly fresh."

"Do you hear that?" demanded Ginger, as the front door bell clanged out loudly.

"Well, perhaps I'd better finish the sole at home; thank you very much, it is a beautiful fish."

Ginger did his best, but he was fat and heavy, and after dinner is not exactly the time for fighting. The thief whisked out through the scullery door and over the wall with his booty. Breathless with anger and excitement, Ginger stood glaring after him. Was it for this he had disobeyed his mistress, and talked to that deceitful cat? to think that the very first time he, Ginger, had permitted him to come inside the door, he should carry off that noble fish—a fish that he could have enjoyed himself an hour or two later—and now it was wasted on an ungrateful cat brought up on herrings; good enough for him too, better far than he deserved. Ginger crouched down beside the ventilator, and groaned aloud at the pity of it.

Jane's quick eye caught the glint of yellow fur as she came in with the tea-kettle in her hand, and that groan told her something was wrong. She flung open the pantry door at once.

"Ah, I thought as much: a nice cat you are to go stealing the fish, after all the dinner I gave you too. Well, we'll see what Miss Elizabeth says to this."

"I'd never have believed it of him, ma'am," she said, when he told her tale; "but I promise him he gets nothing for his supper to-night, or to-morrow night either—the hypocrite."

"If it had been anyone but Ginger!" said Miss Elizabeth sorrowfully—"we all thought him such an honest cat. It must be that cat next door that has spoiled him; I have always been afraid of it."

The company came to supper that evening; Jane went to the fishmonger's and bought another sole, but Ginger got none of it. He sat under the kitchen dresser, and, with tears in his eyes, watched Jane throw the bones—his bones—behind the kitchen fire. If only he could have explained—but even then Jane would be sure to say it served him right for encouraging strange cats, after Miss Elizabeth had forbidden it.

She will never have to forbid it again. Ginger knows now that no cat whatever is to be trusted with fish—except himself.

ALTHOUGH the population of the Hawaiian Islands is less than 100,000, and the total revenues of the Government only about $3 000,000, the Chief Justice is paid a salary larger by $1500 than is the Chief Justice of the United States. Each of the Cabinet officers gets $1000 a year more than do our Cabinet officers; and the other officials are so liberally paid that the salary list eats up about one-half the entire revenue.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

A Chester baker sells bread for one cent a loaf.

Letter carriers of New York city have an organized brass band.

Importation of patent medicines into Turkey is forbidden by law.

The cat gives rise to more superstitions than any other animal.

The elephant is being killed off so fast that twelve years more will see the last one wiped out.

In ancient noble Roman houses a slave was kept to read to the family while at their meals.

A witness before the Lexow Committee declared that there are about 10,000 opium smokers in New York.

The First Presbyterian Church of Jersey City has decided to use individual cups in the communion service.

A resident of Gardiner, Maine, who never saw an elephant until recently, says that he is now ready to die.

Eggs were fried in the sun by several tinners at work on a roof at Fremont, Ohio, one day recently, so a local paper asserts.

A sweet potato weighing 44¼ pounds, and a peach that weighed 23 ounces, were California products exhibited at the Midwinter Fair.

Filters by becoming clogged, and from the impossibility of perfectly cleansing them, foster the very dangers to health they are designed to prevent.

Formerly all the mandolins used in this country were imported from Germany and Italy. Now nearly all that are used here are of home make.

Inventor George Westinghouse is said to be at work at an underground system of street car propulsion which bids fair to revolutionize all existing systems.

The members of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Brooklyn, N. Y., have resolved to buy their groceries in future from dealers who do not sell liquor.

In the coal region of Kansas they have begun to mine coal by electricity. Two coal cutters, operated by electrical currents, are now in use, and the results are very satisfactory.

Rochefort cheese takes its name from the village of the same name in France. It is made from sheep's milk, and obtains its flavor from ripening six months in a cave near the village.

Aluminum drums are proving most successful in the Prussian military bands. Not only are they lighter than the ordinary kind, but they are said to give out a much fuller and richer sound.

Fifteen years ago there was not a telephone exchange in the United States. Now there are nearly 1400 exchanges, employing 10,000 persons and furnishing service to nearly 250,000 telephone subscribers.

Mrs. Leonard Davis, who lives near Rocky Bend, Alabama, is 89 years old and the parent of an unusually large family. It is said that she has 15 children, 44 grandchildren and 149 great-grandchildren.

At a recent service in the Immaculate Conception Church, Baltimore, the celebrant was Rev. E. J. Newa, who was a Union soldier during the civil war, and the sermon was by Rev. F. F. Brennan, who was a Confederate drummer boy.

A Kentucky calf, one day old, performed the wonderful feat of jumping from a cliff to the river below, a distance of 500 feet, without being injured. The calf was taken down the river and hauled home in a wagon, safe and sound.

There are only one or two places in Boston and New York where foreign postage stamps can be bought to inclose in letters sent abroad for return postage, and even at these places a price nearly double the face value of the stamp is asked.

A London paper is at pains to deny a recently published statement to the effect that the late Lord Forester was the only peer who could appear with his head covered in the royal presence. Lord Kingsale, an Irish peer, may wear his hat in the Queen's presence.

Mexico will bring out its first series of pictorial stamps in September, an especially attractive design having been chosen. The various denominations will represent the growth of mail transportation in Mexico, advancing from man and mule to stage and railway.

The "rear" tenements of New York city, which house over 35,000 people, are called by the dwellers in the front tenements "yard houses," and there is some pride in the boast of never having lived in a yard house, just as there is in that of never having lived in a basement.

When a sugar refinery wharf needs a new floor the old one is carted into the refinery and boiled. The planks are saturated with sugar, molasses and a variety of other things not usually deemed edible. The refinery process, however, separates the absorbed sugar from the impurities, and the refiners make a very handsome saving by boiling up the old floor.

OH, WHEREFORE SIGH?

BY S. U. W.

Oh, wherefore sigh for what is gone,
Or deem the future all a night?
From darkness through the rosy dawn
The stars go singing into light.

And to the pilgrim lone and gray,
One thought shall come to cheer his breast;
The evening sun but fades away
To find new morning in the west.

WHAT THE WALK SHOWS.

"I could not think of engaging that man," observed the shrewd principal of a large firm the other day.

He had advertised for a clerk, and the above remark was made respecting an applicant for the situation.

"Why not?" the writer inquired, thinking he knew something of the man's career.

This was not the case, however. The employer had other reasons for not engaging him—reasons so unique and original that they may possibly prove interesting.

"Did you notice his legs?" his friend said, answering the writer's query by another.

"No I did not, and I don't see what that has to do with a clerk's duties. Do you want a man to write with his legs?"

"Well, no, not exactly; but I always judge a man by his legs," he continued. "Ah, you smile; I have made a study of the subject, however, and hold the opinion that a man's character and tastes may be more fully read from his legs than by the aid of the nose, ears, palmistry, graphology, old boots, or even phrenology.

"An individual who (like the man who has just left us) has coarse, horsey-looking legs—legs with kinks in them, so to speak—is not to be trusted. He may be a shrewd business man, but you may rely on it he will keep his eye on the main chance and look after his own interests in preference to those of his employers. He is coarse, ferocious; and honesty is not his strong point."

"What kind of legs, then, would you prefer your clerk to possess? If you were to mention that in the next advertisement it might save many a useless journey for those out of work."

"A man with what I term vacillating legs suits me as well as any. He is easily noticeable; his legs give a little at the knee, every step he takes. Such a man, as a general rule, you will find obliging, amiable and good-tempered. He does not perhaps possess much will-power, finds it difficult to make up his mind on any particular question, even though he may have studied it deeply; but although he would not be successful in business on his own account, he would prove a good servant while working for someone else.

"I once had a clerk of just the opposite type to this, and could not get on with him at all. He was the owner of what I describe as decisive legs. Firm, rather muscular, and slightly bent backwards at the calves—they are legs belonging to a man who knows how to put his foot down.

"A man having understandings such as these is aggressive, stands on what he calls his rights and will give in to no one. Everyone must get out of his road while he pushes himself to the front and sticks there—his special good points being untiring energy and indomitable perseverance. Many of our wealthy merchants walk about on legs of this type.

"A man with thin, straight legs is generally—and I say generally because there are exceptions to these as to all other rules—refined, amiable and intellectual. He is not capable of fighting a rough-and-tumble battle of life like the previous type, he will not make a fortune by smart business transactions, but, when it comes to mental warfare—studies at the universities and such-like—then these legs, or rather the man who owns them, are bound to come to the front, and once there will not be displaced easily. He is a sort of illustration of the triumph of mind over matter.

"Then we have 'Micawber legs,' a trifle thinner than the last mentioned, and having a despondent, put-upon and dejected, yet withal expectant, bend at the knees—an upright cringe, if one might so put it.

"You may be pretty certain that the owner of these is noted for an entire lack of energy. In addition to always waiting for something to turn up, he is timid and despondent, and if good fortune should look his way he would be afraid to trust it. These specimens are often met with in workhouses among people who 'have seen better days.'

"Then there are the legs of the humorous individual, quite distinct from any of the previous types, inasmuch as they bend inwards at the knees and have feet which point well out at the sides.

"Such a man is good-tempered so long as he is allowed to have his own way. He can tell a funny story as well as any man, and as a practical joker he would make what is usually styled a 'howling success.' He has no taste for the serious affairs of life, and prefers to take things easy and leave both hard thinking and hard work to those who like it.

"These are but a few of the types which one might study every day in the street, and you may rely on it that men show, unconsciously, more of their character in this way than they are aware of."

CHILDREN'S SAYINGS.—Some of the oddest sayings of children arise from the attempt to reduce the unknown to some category of the known, or to fit familiar terms to unfamiliar objects. A little girl who had always been accustomed to understand that a body meant that portion only of a dress which requires a skirt to complete it, was told after being a spectator at a funeral, that it only the body which was laid in the ground. "The body!" she replied with some perplexity, "what do they do with the legs?" Another open-eyed observer was extremely impressed by his first view of a man in a boat, rowing rapidly down the river, and after puzzling over the final cause of the operation for a second or two, turned round with a triumphant flash of intelligence upon his face to exclaim, "He's washing the spades!"

Grains of Gold.

Pride is a hard snake to kill entirely dead.

It never pays to cherish a fault-finding spirit.

It is foolish to make professions that you do not live up to.

People who have great strength are also apt to have some great weakness.

It never pays to do in private what you would be ashamed to have known in public.

There is as little mercy in stabbing with a word as there is in doing it with a knife.

We never knew a man who could not bear another man's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.

A tattler's brain is like a beggar's pack; it contains little but what has been given to him.

Our passions are like convulsion fits, which make us stronger for the time, but leave us weaker for ever after.

Hasty words often rankle the wound which injury gives; but soft words assuage it, forgiving cures it, and forgetting takes away the scar.

A neat bit of proverbial philosophy said to be of Japanese origin, is, "Be like the tree which covers with flowers the hand that shakes it."

We never know the true value of friends. While they live we are too sensitive to their faults; when we have lost them we only see their virtues.

Do not judge a man by the clothes he wears. God made one, and the tailor the other. Do not judge him by his family, for Cain belonged to a good family.

Femininities.

Queen Victoria is the dean of one of the oldest guilds of bowmen in Europe.

You know all you need to know about a man when you know the company he keeps.

The imaginations of man are in a great measure under the control of their opinions.

The Emperor of Germany sits for his photograph at least once a week. Royalty has its own peculiar burdens.

A resident of Warren county, Ind., after being insane for 40 years, is reported to have lately regained her reason.

A shooting competition open to women firing the service rifle or carbine is to be held at the next rifle meeting at Aldershot.

If the wife of a Turkoman asks his permission to go out and he says "go" without adding "come back again," they are divorced.

The teachers of Junction City, Kansas, have been forbidden by the local educational board to attend more than one dance per week.

Mrs. Banks: Is there any one, dear, you would like to have me marry when you die?

Mr. Banks: No, darling; I hold no grudge against any man living.

George: Amelia, dear, do you believe that love is blind?

Amelia: Yes, George, darling.

George: Then, dear, I do not see any need of keeping the gas burning.

May: What did you think of Mr. Newpreach's sermon?

Stella: Couldn't have been better timed. I had just finished looking at the last bonnet in the house when he said amen.

The odor of musk is very enduring. When Justinian, in 538, rebuilt what is now the Mosque of St. Sophia, the mortar was charged with musk, and to this very day the atmosphere is filled with the odor.

Samuel B. Arnold, who was sent to Dry Tortugas for life for being implicated in the assassination of Lincoln, but was pardoned by President Johnson, is keeping a butcher's stall in a Baltimore market.

A sensation has been created among the women of Mexico by the appointment of one of their number to an office for the first time, that of Miss Maria Gonzalos Hermosillo to be postmistress in the State of Jalisco.

He: I wonder if there is another girl in the whole wide world as sweet as my little sweetheart?

She: What's that? How dare you think of another girl? I shan't speak to you for a week.

In Russia excessive corpulency is thought particularly charming, so that when the common people see a figure waddling along under the burden of her pampered fat, they exclaim in admiration, "How thick and beautiful she is! God be with her."

One of the prettiest customs in Germany is that of giving flowers to those who are leaving or going upon a journey. This custom is universal. No woman is so old or so common-place as not to have flowers given her, if she has a relative or a friend.

Ida Lewis, who began her wonderful life saving record by saving four small boys whose boat had capsized in the harbor before her, is still alert and strong, though now past 50. Her salary as keeper of the Lime Rock Light, at the south end of Newport, is $750 a year and two tons of coal to boot.

Dr. Berger, the eminent French surgeon, recently presented to the Paris Academy of Medicine a young woman to whom he had supplied an entire under lip, she having accidentally lost the one that Nature gave her. He managed to make good the loss with a piece of flesh cut from her arm.

It is said of Alboni that she "warbled like a bird all day long." She used to sit in her garden and sing as she worked at lace-making or some other feminine occupation, and the rent of the house adjoining her villa was raised a thousand francs because of the free musical entertainments thus furnished.

Mother: "What? Been in swimming? And this time of the year? Mercy! When I went out to-day I wore my winter coat."

Little Johnny, with teeth chattering: "Yes, ma, it was so—so—so cold we ha-had to jum-jump into the wa-water to ke-keep wa-warm."

Miss Margaret Rogers, a 23-year-old girl of Monterey county, Cal., has already made a fortune in the horse and cattle business. She rounds up cattle, breaks horses, can plow, sow and harvest, and is withal a refined woman who abhors loudness. She is a charming hostess, a good performer on the piano, and has an excellent education.

Jennie Creek, the little 10-year-old heroine of Melford, Ohio, who, finding a trestle across a deep ravine on fire, took off her red flannel petticoat and with it flagged a passenger train on its way to the World's Fair, received from President Carnot, a week or two before his assassination a medal of the Legion of Honor. It was procured for her through the influence of some French passengers who were on the train she saved.

Masculinities.

A heart full of love will make a life full of joy.

Hurry and worry are both great enemies to health.

What an ocean of trouble can come out of a gallon jug.

It's hard to convince a girl that sweeping is better exercise than dancing.

If you have never been in adversity you cannot be sure that you have a real friend.

M. Casimir-Perier, President of France, receives a salary and expense allowance of $240,000 a year.

Judge: Name? Prisoner: Smith. Judge: Occupation? Prisoner: Locksmith. Judge: Officer, locksmith up.

The average watch is composed of 98 pieces, and its manufacture embraces more than 2000 distinct and separate operations.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Duncan, of Beaver Island, N. C., have been married but two years, and during that time have been blessed with two sets of twins.

Lewis G. Stevenson, the son of Vice President Stevenson, has declined the office of Assistant Paymaster in the Navy, to which he was recently appointed.

A Waterbury, Conn., woman has a serious impediment in her speech, due to a strain her tongue received some weeks ago while she was laughing very heartily.

Milton Tibbitts, a 15-year-old boy, is editor and proprietor of the Washington Weekly Bulletin. He was recently the recipient of much attention in Boston circles.

Short-sightedness descends from parent to child in diagonal succession—that is, sons inherit it most frequently from their mothers, and daughters from their fathers.

Laziness grows on people; it begins with cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

The police in New York decided the other day to arrest a blind beggar, who was asking alms on the street. He saw them coming, and ran away so fast that they could not catch him.

A Grand Rapids, Mich., dentist has the hypnotic power so strongly that he can persuade patients that they are swinging in a hammock and eating ice cream while he is at work on their molars.

A dealer in aquarium supplies in Harlem, New York city, has a fish boarding house, where members of the tribe are properly cared for until their owners return from their summer vacations.

Miss Sophie A. Nordhoff, a former student of medicine at Washington, according to foreign papers, has been appointed a physician at the famous Woman's Clinic of Professor Von Winkel, in Munich.

When you like a man just as well after you have traveled 300 miles with him as you did before you started on the journey, it is evidence that he is a mighty good fellow, and the experience isn't altogether unflattering to yourself.

Cora: So you feel you cannot marry him?

Ethel: Yes, I am fully decided.

C.: Why, don't you like him?

E.: Oh, I like him well enough, but I can't get him to propose.

The Owingsville, Ky., Outlook says: James W. Hasty, a 65 year-old bachelor, was born within two miles of this place. He is a gunsmith and watch-fixer, and has not been five miles away from here in 25 years. He never kissed one of the fair sex in his life.

A tailor whose shop is in Fourth avenue, New York, has a half-grown gray cat whose ears have been pierced near their tips, and she wears little ribbon bows in them with an air of great pride and all the dainty graces of a fair girl graduate in her commencement day finery.

A Chicago lad makes a living by securing seats for women in crowded cars. He makes his stand at a thoroughfare that is always thronged and arranges with some well-to-do woman, with her arms full of bundles, or perhaps a baby, to run around and jump on a car before it reaches the corner. When it gets to that point he has a seat reserved for her.

Mrs. Neversbirk: I rather like to cook, but I do hate to get out of bed to cook my husband's breakfast.

Mrs. Slighter: And you do it?

Mrs. N.: Of course; it's my duty.

Mrs. S.: My husband always gets up and cooks his own.

Mrs. N.: Well, you know, some men are very particular about having their food cooked properly.

The jewelry found recently in an excavation, near one of the pyramids of old Memphis, Egypt, exhibits about as much skill in working gold and precious stones as now exists, although the articles found were made 4300 years ago. The figures cut on amethyst and carnelian are described as exquisite and anatomically correct. The gold is skilfully worked, and precious stones are let into it so as to give the effect of enameling.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

Skirt trimmings in general are not so much used as they have been, but corsages continue quite elaborate and it is not uncommon to see combinations of material in them which do not appear in skirts worn with them; as for example, when a crepe dress shows a corsage front of contrasting satin below lace. The great use of independent waists accounts perhaps for this style and it is not infrequent to see a skirt of rich material, particularly brocade, worn with a chiffon waist. Short jackets or coats of black moire with full vest of chiffon, crepon or thin silk, fulfill a like purpose.

White continues to be extremely fashionable and the wearing of bright red on other vests of pronounced color, with a white jacket and skirt, produces much jauntiness, while softer gowns in India mull, chiffon or other light fabrics, give an appearance of great refinement to women's dress in general.

The fancy for black and white holds its own and as a recent and special exponent may be mentioned a revival of black and white checked silks. Black moire is a favorite combination with them and is seen as an underskirt over which the checked silk is slightly draped, while yokes, cuffs or revers of moire with perhaps white lace laid over them give corresponding touches on the upper portion of the gown. Black chiffon placed over white silk is also a popular method of combining black and white, and black chiffon dresses over white silk are stylish for evening.

Even bathing dresses are affected by the fancy for black and white; and in this style mohair or serge are chiefly used, the dress being black with white braid trimmings. Yachting costumes likewise reflect the whim of the hour or again are in white entirely; and for both the favorite materials are mohair or serge, with adornment of satin folds that are white or black as the case may be. Jaunty little caps are worn en suite. White duck yachting suits are quite in order, and with them duck yachting caps or sailor hats bound with ribbon to match the rest, if a colored one be worn, is an adjunct to becomingness. Sailor hats are capable also of considerable adornment in the way of ribbon, flowers or feathers and therefore a much safer choice than caps, which are very trying. The visor on yachting caps is much wider than formerly. Great becomingness, and warmth as well, may be obtained by full ruffs around the throat, and at inland resorts the partiality for ruffs is very noticeable, nor is this surprising when their softening effect and real protection are taken into consideration.

Light gowns for the little maids are of crepon, challie, fayetta and gingham, with beruffled bodices and straight-full skirts, simply hemmed or finished with one or two dainty ruffles. For baby girls from 2 to 4 years, soft cashmere in palest blue and pink, are lovely for days requiring heavy clothing. They are made in one piece, gathered full around the neck, then aisped across in yoke fashion by four small shirred tucks. Others have a finely tucked yoke of white lawn or muslin, with embroidered epaulettes. Then there are the beautiful washable materials, all the way from white Swiss muslins, with pin dots of white or colors, to zephyr ginghams. These latter serviceable dresses are made with a full skirt, having a five-inch hem, with the waist trimmed with double shoulder ruffles, one much deeper than the other, and bordered with insertion. A ruffle of embroidery is used for neck trimming, or a turn-over collar of gingham, bordered with a narrow ruffle of embroidery. For older girls there are gingham with chine dashes, crepe grounds and cross-bar checks. Few large plaids are seen, and there is a most decided tendency to double trimmings, which applies to epaulettes, berthas, sleeve and skirt ruffles. Among the lawns, dimities and fayettas are exquisite effects in pink, blue and maize, delicately toned with pin stripes of black. These are made up with artistic dashes of black, in collar, belt and ribbon decorations, a scheme which gives color and dash to the entire costume.

Charming costumes are of white bengaline, trimmed with silver gimp, or of pale pink Ondine silk, trimmed with ecru lace and pink satin ribbon. At a coming wedding the bridesmaids will wear pale pink crepon dresses, trimmed with pink moire ribbon and having yokes of tinted insertion. The skirts are gracefully draped and edged with ecru lace insertion. Large fancy hats, ornamented with pink roses, white ostrich plumes and black velvet bows complete the costume. Dresses of ivory-white bengaline have sashes and trimmings of buttercup-yellow moire and white chiffon. The Marie Antoinette fichu, edged with lace, is worn with gowns of white muslin, over silk of different colors. Distinguished frocks of yellow crepe are trimmed with ecru lace and bows of black velvet ribbon. White nainsook gowns trimmed with ecru or yellow guipures are very effective for bridesmaids, and for wearing at any summer fete, either in day or evening. They quite rival the more costly embroidered muslins, and the finer French nainsook with guipure lace and insertions can be had almost anywhere, while the new embroideries are still difficult to get. They are made over silk throughout, either yellow, pink or pale Nile green.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Angel Food.—Angel food, if correctly prepared, is one of the best loaf cakes made when the annexed recipe is closely followed. The recipe herewith given is warranted to be the best, and challenges competition. Beat very stiff and dry ten whites of eggs (one-half pint); sift together twice, one-half pound of powdered sugar, five ounces of pastry flour, one even teaspoonful of cream tarter; add all this to the eggs, stirring very gently with wooden spatula; sprinkle one-half teaspoonful of vanilla powder to it, and fill in the regular angel food tins. Soak these molds in cold water always before using; fill while wet (just rinse them out), and when baked turn molds upside down. Never grease or line the molds with paper; just have them wet, and the cakes will fall out, when cold, as white as snow, all the crust sticking to the mold. Frost very thin, and give icing a very delicate flavor, or just a little lemon juice or maraschino.

New Water Cooler.—Among several articles recently patented is a water-cooler which does not require ice. It is a covered receptacle of cellular brickware, manufactured clay, sawdust and asbestos fibre. In the process the sawdust is burned out, leaving the product cellular, or porous. The receptacle, with the water to be kept cool within, stands in a tray of galvanized iron, which holds water to a depth of two or three inches. By reason of the porosity of the cooler and the forces of capillary attraction, the water in the tray constantly rises through the cellular walls of the receptacle, and is as constantly evaporated—thereby keeping the water inside as cool as it is usually drawn from a well or spring.

Spiced Veal.—Chop three pounds of veal steak and one thick slice of fat pork as fine as sausage meat; add to it three Boston crackers (rolled fine), three well-beaten eggs, half a teacupful of tomato catchup, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of fine salt, a teaspoonful of pepper and one grated lemon. Mould in the form of a loaf of bread, put in a small dripping pan, cover with one rolled cracker, and baste with a teacupful of hot water to which two tablespoonfuls of melted butter have been added. Baste often to make it moist. Make it the day before desired for the table, slice thin and garnish with slices of lemon and bits of parsley or lettuce.

Moths.—Benzine and carbolic acid, one gallon to one ounce, is sure death to moths. But it cannot be used in delicate fabrics, and from its inflammable character must be used with great caution. A hand atomizer is the easiest way to apply it.

Grandmother's Jumbles.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three eggs, the grated rind of an orange or lemon, and two tablespoonfuls of the juice, half a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the juice. Flour enough to roll.

To Take Out Mildew.—Mix soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of one lemon; lay it on the part, on both sides, with a brush; let it lay on the grass day and night till the stain comes out.

To take the brown discolorations off of cups in which custards are baked rub with damp flannel dipped in whiting. Scouring sand or sand soap will answer the purpose.

To clean the tea or coffee pot fill it with water and put in a piece of hard soap. Set it on the stove and let it boil an hour. It will be as bright as new.

If a shirt bosom or any other article has been scorched in ironing lay it where the bright sunshine will fall directly on it.

Unslacked lime is excellent for cleaning small articles in steel, such as jewelry, buckles and the like.

Clothes pins boiled a few minutes and quickly dried, once or twice a month, become more durable.

If sassafras bark is sprinkled among dried fruit it will keep out the worms.

Use a short-handled paint brush to wash the outside of window sills.

Salt rubbed on the black spots on dishes will remove them.

Always cut onions, turnips and carrots across the fibre.

DYING IN A HOTEL.

In the hotel world death has additional terrors. Not long ago a gentleman died in a Swiss caravansery, the proprietor of which subsequently charged the widow so much by way of compensation for loss of custom in consequence, so much for papering, painting and cleaning the death-chamber, so much for new bedclothes and linen, etc., etc.—altogether, a considerable sum.

As in Switzerland, so all over the Continent; hotel-keepers almost invariably exact a heavy amount—often as much as 500 dollars—from the relations or executors of any guest who has died on their premises. In some cases the lump sum is supposed to include a charge for keeping the death-chamber closed for so many days; but an Italian-Swiss who has had a wide experience of hotel life assures the writer that the room is often used immediately the relations of the deceased have departed.

Even in England a similar charge is not uncommon; though there a host merely tries to recoup himself for absolute loss, and not to make money out of death.

"There is no hard-and-fast rule about it," the manager of a large hotel said to the writer; "sometimes a charge is made, sometimes it is not. Speaking for myself, I should make a charge in some cases and not in others. If a gentleman died from apoplexy I should expect nothing, because there would be no trouble. If one died from—no, not fever, because I should send anybody away immediately I knew about—but from some disease which would necessitate the disinfecting of the room, and so on, then I should make a charge. The room might have to be kept empty for a time, especially if it became known that a death had taken place in it.

"Take a suicide, again, or a murder. People say, 'I shan't go there. That was where So-and-so shot himself.' You remember that case at——?" (mentioning a notorious hotel tragedy) "That house is simply going to ruin; nobody will go into it."

"You would not, in any case, allow a body to lie long in your hotel?"

"Most certainly not. It would have to be removed at the earliest possible moment. If my own wife or my own child died, it would be just the same; the undertaker would come to the back-door at midnight, put the corpse in the coffin, and take it away to the mortuary. No; there are plenty of guests who would not stop in the place if they knew there was a dead body here."

As this rule is generally and impartially enforced all round, against servants and guests alike, you see very few interments from first and second-class hotels. The writer can only remember one, and that took place in Yorkshire in special circumstances. A wealthy manufacturer—a bachelor—had lived for some years at an hotel before he died; and it was merely because everybody was aware of this fact, and because removing his body would given rise to a deal of gossip, that he was buried from his "residence."

When, however, there is a funeral from an hotel, much ingenuity is often exercised in hiding the circumstances from the guests. On one occasion a host had to dodge about the staircase for half an hour, employing all his persuasive powers the while to induce their patrons to go into their own rooms, before he could give the signal for the coffin to be carried out.

Better still was the feat of a southern hotel-keeper. He had all the guests disposed of but one—an old lady with a terrible nose for a secret, who would keep pottering about, like some spirit doomed for ever to walk the earth. At last the host went down to his wife and gave her certain instructions. That lady approached the wretched old gossip with an air of secrecy and beckoned her into a private room as if she was about to reveal the mystery. The old girl fell into the trap, and was kept there for some minutes listening to the details of an old scandal.

Meanwhile the coffin was taken out, lifted into a hearse (which stood in a side street), and driven away rapidly, the regulation procession to the cemetery being formed three or four hundred yards away from the hotel.

SUNLIGHT.—Kisses are the sunlight of life. There are many aching hearts from which the load of sorrow might be lifted by the kiss of forgiveness; there are many tired feet which could be made to gain strength enough to struggle on to success and honor by the kiss of approbation and encouragement. Then let us give them as they are needed; not indiscriminately, to be sure, but justly and generously, and let us not withhold them until the lips that longed for them are mute; for one of the saddest sounds e'er heard on earth is "the fall of kisses on unanswering clay."

DILIGENCE is a fair fortune and industry a good estate.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Colds,
Coughs,
Sore Throat,
Hoarseness,
Stiff Neck,
Bronchitis,
Catarrh,
Headache,
Toothache,
Rheumatism,
Neuralgia, Asthma,
Bruises, Sprains,

Quicker Than Any Known Rdy, cne

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic or prostrated with diseases may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will Afford Instant Ease.

It was the first and is the only Pain remedy that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and

CURES

Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels or other glands or organs.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

This is to certify that in February, 1890, I had a severe attack of "La Grippe" and cured myself in twenty-four hours by the use of Radway's Ready Relief and Radway's Pills. I had another attack of the same dreadful disease in March, 1891, and used the same remedy with the same result. I do not know Radway & Co., the parties who manufacture these medicines, and I have always put very little faith in "Almanac Certificates," but if these few lines will only induce some suffering one to use the above remedy I will feel amply repaid for writing what I have. Respectfully,

E. L. BROWN.

J. W. BREWER, Ashburn, Pike Co., Mo.—"One bottle of Ready Relief and one box of Radway's Pills cured five in my family of that terrible complaint, 'La Grippe,' or Influenza."

W. THISTLE, Lowestoft, Suffolk, England.—"I thank God and you for your Ready Relief and Pills, which have cured me completely of La Grippe."

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF aided by RADWAY'S PILLS is the quickest and most effectual cure for

THE "GRIP."

Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe and permanent in its treatment and cure

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Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Constipation, Costiveness.

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FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Cosmopolitan" for July contains several articles of notable interest, all of which are profusely illustrated. The opening paper is a very charming one, by M. E. W. Sherwood, about "The Beauty of Woman," with ten portraits. Another paper of rare interest is by J. Home Adams, on "Some Rare Napoleonic Medals," illustrated with twenty-one pictures. Under the title "An Unconquered People," Elizabeth T. Spring describes the tiny Basque country on the shores of the wild Bay of Biscay, with numerous very beautiful illustrations. Gen. A. W. Greely, the famous Arctic explorer, contributes a strongly illustrated paper entitled "Antarctica; or the Hypothetical Southern Continent." The other contents are of like valuable and interesting character. Published at New York.

THE GLOW WORM'S LAMP.

The retirement of Professor C. V. Riley, says the "Boston Transcript," from the post of United States entomologist removes from Government employment one of the most eminent investigators of the day. Science under Uncle Sam's auspices has done no more important work than has been accomplished in the study of insects. In that branch of the animal creation Secretary Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, has made perhaps the most picturesque research—relating to the light afforded by fireflies.

The light, Professor Langley has discovered, is the most economical illuminant in the world. It is 100 times as cheap as gas. That is to say, there is no waste, whereas the waste in burning gas or lamps is more than 99 per cent. In other words, the consumer pays a dollar for every cent's worth of light he gets. With electricity the waste is less, but still enormous. The firefly light expends no energy in the shape of heat.

So here is what might be termed a cold light, without waste. If a process could be invented for producing it in large quantities by artifice, the discovery would be of enormous benefit to mankind. Incidentally, electricity and gas would be driven out of use for illuminating purposes. That the secret will be found sooner or later is not at all unlikely. The notion formerly held, that the light was part and parcel of the life of the firefly, has been exploded. It is now believed to be simply a product of chemical combustion.

Such being the case it ought to be practicable to reproduce the phenomenon in the laboratory, or even on a large scale. This peculiar light, termed "phosphorescence," has received little attention from scientists up to date. It affords an attractive field for investigation. The supposition is that it is made by the slow combustion of material secreted under the control of the nervous system of the insect.

It is produced at one fourth-hundredth of the cost of energy expended in a candle flame. Nothing is lost in the shape of heat, the light-giving organs having the same temperature as other parts of the animal.

More than 150 families of animals on land and in water, embracing tens of thousands of species, produce such phosphorescent light. They yield enough of it to illuminate London, Paris and New York. The surface of the ocean is alive with luminous crustaceans, jelly fishes, etc., not to mention innumerable vegetable organisms, each of which is a tiny lantern. In the depths swim lamp-bearing fishes. On land crawl glow worms and "electric centipedes," while in the air fireflies and "lightning bugs" of many kinds disport themselves. All of this light crowded into one place would hardly affect a thermometer.

The most brilliant light afforded by any land animal is that of the famous firefly of the tropics, known as the "cucujo." Thirty-eight of them yield one candle-power. Photographs have been printed by two-minute exposure of bromide plates to their illumination. People in Cuba confine them in paper lanterns for going about the country at night or for indoor lighting. Sometimes they attach one of the insects to each foot for traveling in the dark, to serve as a guide to the path. Also, they use them as ornaments for the dress and hair.

It is with these fireflies that Professor Langley conducted his experiments. They are beetles, beginning life as grubs. "Skip-jack" or "spring-tails" they are sometimes called, because, when placed on their backs, they jump over with a clicking sound. A small species of the same family is found in Florida and Texas. They have two luminous spots on the thorax and another on the abdomen. Damp evenings are most favorable to the light-giving, the object of which is presumably to attract the sexes. The young larvæ feed largely on snails, to which their bite is poisonous. The luminous organs are developed before the insects leave the eggs.

Now, a theory formerly held was that these fireflies stored up light in the daytime for emission at night—as is done by the so-called "luminous paint" of calcium sulphide. But it was found that they shone as brightly as ever after being confined for 10 days in darkness. Some that were carried all the way from Cuba to Havre in the pitch-black hold of a vessel were brilliant on their arrival. A more striking disproof, however, was afforded by a batch of larvæ hatched in the dark from eggs laid in the dark in a piece of rotten wood, the young insects being kept in darkness for the first six months of their lives. They shone.

Professor Langley decided that the light did not depend on the vital principle of the insect. He found that the eggs became luminous on being shaken in a glass receptacle. Then he dried the eggs and kept them in that condition for a long time. On being moistened they shone. The dried eggs were powdered in a mortar, but they gave light on being wetted. The beetles themselves, 12 hours after being killed by electricity, were still luminous. So the Professor infers that nothing more than a chemical combustion is concerned in the manufacture of this "cheapest light." He thinks there is hope that we may be able to reproduce it some day.

To make a light equal in brilliancy to that of this tropical insect we must produce a temperature of 2000 degrees. The firefly's lamp creates no heat that can be detected by the most delicate instruments. Its energy is entirely expended in illumination. Nature, while offering object lessons in the art on every hand, laughs at man's efforts to imitate her in this field. There is a device known as "Geissler's tube," by which a much greater light than that of the firefly is made without any heat, electric sparks being flashed through rarefied gases, but it is only a plaything of the laboratory.

ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.—Juan Fernandez—the island on which the Robinson Crusoe of romance lived for so many years—is at the present time inhabited. The island is rented for about $1000 a year. The rent is paid partly in dried fish. Catching and drying the many varieties of fish and raising cattle and vegetables whole occupy the contented settlers, and much of their little income is obtained from cattle and vegetables sold to passing vessels. The cattle need no care, and the vegetables almost grow wild. Turnips and radishes, first grown here by Selkirk, the the original Crusoe, now grow rank and wild in the valley like weeds. There is also a race of wild dogs which completely overrun the island. They are descendants of the breed of dogs left by the Spaniards. At the back of the little town, in the high cliff, is a row of caves of remarkable appearance hewn in the sandstone. An unused path leads to them, and a short climb brings one to their dark mouths. About 40 years ago the Chilian Government thought that a good way to be rid of its worst criminals would be to transport them to the island of Juan Fernandez. Here, under the direction of the Chilian soldiers, these poor wretches were made to dig caves to live in. In 1854 they were taken back again, however, and the caves have since been crumbling away.

CONSOLING TO FAT PEOPLE.—A physician points out that fat people endure most kinds of illness much better than thin people, because they have an extra amount of nutriment stored away in their tissues to support them during the ordeal. Moreover, there are many other consolations for persons of abundant girth. They are generally optimists by nature, genial and jolly companions, whose society is universally preferred to that of people with angular frames and dispositions.

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Those taking one of the steamer Republic's trips to Cape May enjoy a very extensive series of entertainments, etc., including a free theatrical and vaudeville show, free vocal and instrumental concerts, free dancing on an excellent floor to first-class music, free clambakes every Monday at Cape May, free Breakwater trips and free ocean sails, and to these is now to be added free juvenile shows every Tuesday for the benefit of and participated in by talented children.

The comforts and conveniences of the Republic are many, and she is to all intents and purposes a floating hotel, with not half the expense of an ordinary hotel. Refreshments of all kinds are to be had on board and at the most reasonable prices. At Cape May there is plenty of amusement also and time enough for it—from a bath in the surf to a ride on the merry-go-round—and often special attractions. The cost of the trip to Cape May and back is only a dollar, with half price for children, and that is surely cheap enough. The Republic leaves Race street wharf at 7.30 o'clock every morning, including Sundays, and returns early in the evening.

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Humorous.

OUR LANGUAGE.

If an S and I and an O and a U,
With an X at the end, spell So;
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray what is a speller to do?
Then if also an S and an I and a G
And an H E D spell sids,
There is nothing much left for a speller to do
But to go and commit sioux xeyesighed.

—U. N. Nonx

Only a blind—window shades.

A pair of tights—two inebriates.

A scrap of information—a debate.

In season—the spoon in the mustard pot.

A happy medium—the well-paid spiritualist.

A musician is not always a man of sound judgment.

"Are these colors fast?" she asked of the new clerk. "Yes, indeed. You ought to see them when they once start to run."

The custard pie is the poor man's natural dessert. There is no aristocracy about the custard pie. That is to say, no upper crust.

Young father: "What's the baby crying for?"

Youngemother: "Because I told him he looked like you."

Mrs. DeFashion, to her new Chinese cook: "John, why do the Chinese bind the feet of their women?" John: "So they not trottee 'round kitchen and bothoree cook."

He: "I had a queer dream about you last night, Miss Louise. I was about to give you a kiss when suddenly we were separated by a river that gradually grew as big as the Rhine." She: "And was there no bridge and no boat?"

"Daube is mad as hops about his picture that was on exhibition." "Wasn't it noticed?" "Yes, took a prize." "What's he mad about then?" "Well, it was a picture of cows, and it was awarded the prize for the best picture of sheep."

Young wife, at telephone: "Is that the office of the telephone company? I want to talk with Cyrus Winterbottom, I'm his wife, and——" Telephone girl: "Number?" Young wife: "Number? I'm his first and only, you insulting creature."

"Well, how's things?" asked the deaf and dumb man.

"All right, as fur as I kin see," answered the blind man. "Well, what are you kicking about?" he added, turning to the legless man, who had begun to grumble about something.

"What's the matter that there is no dinner ready?" asked the labor leader.

"The cook quit," replied his wife, leaning back in her chair and fanning gently.

"Why didn't you get it ready yourself? You know how well enough."

"Me! I'm out on a sympathetic strike with the cook."

The ministerial one: "The race question seems to be as much of a problem to-day as it was at the close of the war."

The sporty one: "You're dead right, pard. I've been follerin' the hosses for thirty years, and I have jist as much trouble picking de winner now as I had de first day I ever went to a track."

Mrs. Cawker: "Don't you think it is very strange that Mrs. Stivetts hasn't returned my call yet?"

Mr. Cawker: "Not at all; it is merely the result of force of habit."

Mrs. Cawker: "How's that?"

Mr. Cawker: "She was a telephone girl before her marriage."

"I want you to publish these poems in book form," said a seedy-looking man to a New York publisher. Publisher: "I'll look over them, but I cannot promise to bring them out unless you have a well-known name." Poet: "That's all right. My name is known wherever the English language is spoken." "Ah, indeed! What is your name?" "John Smith."

"Mabel," said the young man, bashfully, "do you know I think your mother is a wonderful fine woman?" "I am glad to know that she has won your esteem." "Do you think I have succeeded in making a favorable impression her?" "I don't know of any reason to believe the contrary. Why do you ask?" "I was only wondering." "Wondering what?" "Whether she could ever think enough of me to accept me for a son-in-law." And Mabel did her best to give him confidence.

Pedestrian: "What's all that fuss about in that house—wedding?"

Resident: "No. A new baby arrived last night, and all the women in the neighborhood are going into ecstacies over it."

"Who is that tall man all the women are crowding around?"

"He is a minister, come to fix a date for the christening."

"And who is the short man who attracts so much attention?"

"He is the doctor."

"Ah! I see. That no-account fellow, who is being pushed out of the way or run over, is the hired man, I presume?"

"No; he's the father."

WHO WAS SOLD?—The old Charleston good livers were given to boasting of their wines, and some of their cellars were stored with the oldest and best. One of them, the well-known Mr. L., said that he had $70,000 worth of wine in his cellar when his house was burned during the war. He thought himself, and was thought to be, the best judge of wine in the state.

At a dinner party where he was a guest it was secretly arranged to bring him into disgrace in the matter of judgment, and the host sent out to a grocer's, and, for a dollar, bought a bottle of wine, and had it put upon the table as a specimen rare and extraordinary. Mr. L. pronounced it the best they had, and said—

"I recognize the vintage—it is 1784. There is nothing better than this in America."

The shout of laughter that followed assured him that he had been sold, and the host explained that he had just procured it "round the corner."

"Send for the man," said Mr. L., "and let me see if this is so."

The man soon appeared and Mr. L., said to him—

"I will hold you harmless if you tell me frankly where you got that bottle of wine."

"Well," answered the grocer, "if you will know, I bought it off one of your slaves."

IN THE HEIGHT OF FASHION.—The wives of the wealthy Chinese of San Francisco now dress in fashionable attire. The wife and daughter of a rich merchant are thus described: "Both were elegantly dressed. The mother wore a satin kilt skirt, with box-pleats of blue and black, embroidered before and behind, and kilted on both sides. The shams, or over-dresses, were of rich purple brocaded silk, with the now fashionable sleeves of immense width, the inside being lined with blue silk. The glitter from three diamond rings drew our attention to hands of lily whiteness, and a wrist that bore bangles of chased gold and the palest of jade. Her ear-rings were studded with pearls, from each of which hung the usual ring of jade. Her head was without bonnet. The hair was set with artificial flowers, bars and pins of gold, and drops of pearls." But these Chinese ladies are very rarely seen out of doors. They go about in closed carriages, covering the face when they alight.

WHERE CYCLING HAS STRICT LAWS—In Zurich bicycling is only allowed upon written permission issued to competent riders. The permit must be carried by the rider; it contains his name, occupation, date of birth, place of nativity and address, and it costs two francs a year. Racing is forbidden, and in narrow streets the rider must dismount. Special stress is laid upon the speed of the machine. In crowded streets, turning corners, the rider must go slow. He must not ride without using the handles of his machine to steer by; he must ring his bell in ample time, and if that is not heeded he must politely warn the pedestrian. Care must be taken not to worry or frighten the foot passenger. On a single-seated bicycle not more than one person may sit. More than two bicycles are not permitted to ride abreast. On holidays, when the streets are crowded, bicycling is not permitted. Verily the way of the wheelman is hard in Zurich.

NATURAL SEQUENCE.—New Zealand has not only granted woman-suffrage in parliamentary elections, but one of its leading statesmen—the Grand Old Man of that colony—has actually proposed the establishment of a legislative council consisting exclusively of women.

The following amusing incident, bearing upon the growing political rights and power of New Zealand ladies, and their corresponding duties, occurred the other day in its capital city.

During a performance in the Opera House, Wellington, some ladies who were seated in the stalls had on very large and high hats. A voice from the pit was heard to exclaim, "Now you've got the franchise you ought to take your hats off."

This admonition to the gentle voters caused an explosion of laughter in all parts of the theatre.

GETTING "FACE-TIRED."—A well-known caricaturist says that he frequently gets "face-tired." "As I draw," he explains, "unconsciously my face assumes the expression of the people I am trying to represent in a distorted way, and, as a result, at the end of a couple of hours I find myself compelled to rest, not my eyes or my hands, but my face. I do this either by lying down or going out into the street with the determination of spending my time in looking at things and not at people, for I find I study their faces at the expense of my own. I take delight in my work, and that is the reason, I suppose, that I am so sympathetic with it."

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING.—It is believed that lightning is visible at a distance of 150 miles, but opinions still differ as to how far away thunder can be heard. A French astronomer has made observations on the subject, and he declares it impossible for thunder to be heard at a greater distance than ten miles. An English meteorologist has counted up to 130 seconds between the flash and the thunder, which would give a distance of twenty-seven miles.

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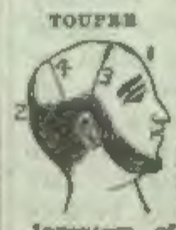
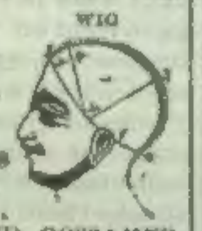
TOUPEE  WIG 

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No. 2. From forehead back as far as bald.	No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck, No. 2.
No. 3. Over forehead as far as required.	No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also DOLLARD'S REGENERATIVE CREAM to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
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FOR NEW YORK.

4.10, 7.30 (two-hour train), 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, (12.57, p m from 24th and Chestnut streets—Dining Car), 1.30, 3.50, 5.15, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut) 8.35, (dining car), p m, 12.10 night. Sundays—4.10, 8.30, 9.45, 11.31 a m, 3.50 p m, (6.12 from 24th and Chestnut,) 8.35 (dining car) p m, 12.10 night.

Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 6.00 p m, 12.15 night.

Parlor cars on all day express trains and sleeping cars on night trains to and from New York.

FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.29, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—8.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, 11.06 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 7.30 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6 02 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m, 7.20 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.02, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.02 p m. Accom., 4.20 m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 8.00 a m, (Saturday only 1.30) 2.00, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m 4.30 p m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot: week-days—Express, 7.00, 7.45, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m., Accom., 8.10 a m, 4.30 p m., Sundays—Express, 4.00, 8.45, 8.00 p m. Accom., 7.15 a m, 4.15 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 9.00 a m. 5.00 p m. Sundays, 9.00 a m. 4.30 p m. Leave Brigantine, week-days, 8.-5 a m, 5.05 p m. Sundays, 8.55 a m, 5.30 p m.

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